FAMOUS AMERICAN ATHLETES of TODAY

SECOND SERIES

REVISED EDITION

CHARLES H.L. JOHNSTON

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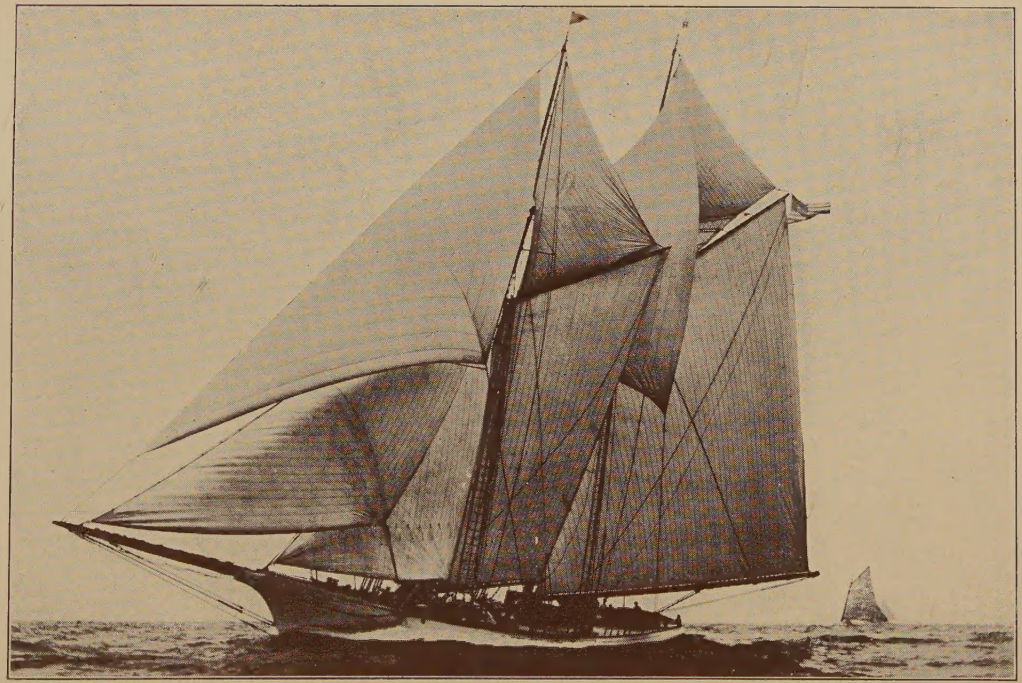

THE *AMERICA*

FAMOUS AMERICAN ATHLETES OF TODAY

SECOND SERIES
REVISED EDITION

By
CHARLES H. L. JOHNSTON
Author of "Famous American Athletes of To-day—First Series," "Famous Scouts," "Famous Indian Chiefs," etc.

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BOSTON PUBLISHERS

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DEDICATION

TO THOSE WHO THRILL TO THE ZEST OF SPORT; THE STRIFE OF COMBAT; THE PERFECTION OF PHYSIQUE AND INTELLECT.

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THE author's thanks are due to the Librarians of Congress, of the *Washington Star,* and of the *Washington Post* for numerous courtesies and kindnesses in connection with the collection of the data for this volume, without which it would have been impossible to have secured accurate information, or to have completed the work.

PREFACE

In considering celebrated athletes who have flashed into public print during the past few years and who were not included in the first series of FAMOUS AMERICAN ATHLETES OF TO-DAY, it has been found desirable to include a famous yachtsman and also an aviator and aviatrix, who, although not coming precisely under the nomenclature of athletes, might well be considered as worthy winners of sporting laurels. Hence, we find included among the celebrities in this volume, the Secretary of the Navy, Charles Francis Adams; Rear Admiral Richard Evelyn Byrd; and Miss Amelia Earhart, whose astounding feats on the water and in the air have brought them well merited applause from those who appreciate the courage which triumphs over perilous hazards. The remaining celebrities are those whose athletic feats alone have brought them into the lime-light. The Four Musketeers—La Coste, Cochet, Borotra and Brugnon—are included in this book because

they have done their most brilliant playing under the Stars and Stripes, René La Coste having won the United States Championship, and the four together having captured the American trophy, the Davis Cup, demonstrating that to Gaul belongs the glory that once was Caesar's.

PUBLISHER'S NOTE TO THE REVISED EDITION

With the publication, some years ago, of the First Volume of the FAMOUS AMERICAN ATHLETES OF TODAY SERIES, a definite need was filled for colorful and accurate biographies of contemporary American athletes that would appeal to readers of all ages interested in our national sports. At intervals thereafter as other stars came forward to win national and international fame, they were included in additional volumes of this series which soon became a standard biographical reference library of present day American athletes.

In order to keep this Series thoroughly complete and timely, not only as to the subjects included but also in regard to the older athletes and their achievements subsequent to their appearance in this Series, the publishers prepared from time to time new revised editions of the earlier volumes.

In releasing this, the *Second Revised Edition* of FAMOUS AMERICAN ATHLETES OF TODAY: Second Series, this objective has been kept

view and the records and achievements of the athletes included have been brought up-to-date, not only in the fields of sports but in their other lines of endeavor as well.

CONTENTS

CHAPTER		PAGE
I.	THE RISE AND ASCENDENCY OF AMERICAN SPORT	1
II.	CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS *Secretary of the Navy and Expert Yachtsman*	13
III.	RICHARD EVELYN BYRD *First Aviator to Circle the North and South Poles*	41
IV.	GLENNA COLLETT *Champion Woman Golfer*	91
V.	AMELIA EARHART *First Woman to Fly Across the Atlantic*	115
VI.	WALTER PERRY JOHNSON *The "Big Train," Greatest of all Pitchers*	139
VII.	JEAN-RENE LA COSTE, HENRI COCHET, JEAN BOROTRA, JACQUES BRUGNON *The Four Tennis Musketeers*	173
VIII.	GEORGE OWEN, JR. *Ace of Hockey Players*	197
IX.	EARLE SANDE *Prince of Jockeys*	213
X.	JACK SHARKEY *The American Heavyweight Champion*	245
XI.	GUS SONNENBERG *King of Wrestlers*	265
XII.	JAMES THORPE *Magnificent All-round Athlete*	287
XIII.	"HEADS UP"	311

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

PAGE

THE *AMERICA* . . . . . *Frontispiece*

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS 15

RICHARD EVELYN BYRD 43

GLENNA COLLETT 93

AMELIA EARHART 117

WALTER PERRY JOHNSON 141

THE FOUR TENNIS MUSKETEERS: COCHET, BOROTRA, LA COSTE, AND BRUGNON 175

GEORGE OWEN, JR. 199

EARLE SANDE 215

JACK SHARKEY 247

GUS SONNENBERG 267

JAMES THORPE 289

"THE THINKER" — RODIN 313

THE RISE AND ASCENDENCY OF AMERICAN SPORT

CHAPTER I

THE RISE AND ASCENDENCY OF AMERICAN SPORT

At the time of the Civil War it was certainly believed in the Southern states that "one Southerner could whip ten Yankees," and, acting upon this supposition, the boys in gray marched into every fight with a determination which carried them far, in spite of lack of materials and food. And the fact that the Southern cavalry was better than that of the North was plainly evident for at least two years after the beginning of hostilities. The Southerners, in fact, lived far more in the open than their Northern countrymen; were used to horseback riding from infancy; were accustomed to both the shotgun and the rifle; and, as their lives were mainly agricultural, could well take care of themselves in the tangled woodland, in which a great deal of the warfare took place. Quite different, indeed, were the lives of those young men who were associated with manufacturing and trade in the well-built Northern cities.

The author of "The Last Leaf"—Lincoln's favorite poem—was Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes of Boston, who, although not an athlete himself, was fully appreciative of the necessity for sport among the young men of New England. Writing for the *Atlantic Monthly,* he said: "Such a set of black-coated, stiff-jointed, soft-muscled, pasty-complexioned young men, as we can boast in our Atlantic cities, never before sprang from Anglo-Saxon lineage. We possess a few good boatmen, no good horsemen that I hear of; nothing remarkable, I believe, in cricket; and, as far as any great athletic feat performed by a gentleman—these latitudes of society would drop a man who would run around the Common in five minutes."

This was written in 1865—but how times have changed! All Americans today are interested in football, baseball, tennis, aviation, horse-racing, track contests, yachting, and other sporting activities. Boxers have made large fortunes with their two fists—so well have their matches been patronized by the public. One baseball player has a salary equal to that paid the President of the United States, while others have retired as capitalists. In every school, college and city, athletics play an important part in the lives of the

people, and, from the stature of the coming generation of boys and girls (particularly the latter) it can be seen that this systematic attention to body training is producing a larger, healthier and hardier race.

Baseball is the national sport and is becoming popular in other lands. Descended from the English game of "Rounders," its present form is credited to General Abner Doubleday, hero of Gettysburg and prominent director of the destinies of the Army of the Potomac. To him is given the title of "Father of Baseball," for, in 1839, at Cooperstown, New York, he laid out the first diamond. In 1842, on a plot of land on Twenty-seventh Street, New York City, where now stands the New York Life Insurance Building, a group of men assembled and engaged in baseball games, which were amusing to the populace. A regular nine was, however, formed in 1845, and over in New Jersey, at the Elysian Fields, a ball-park was secured, and a diamond was laid out. The first game on record, and played under a regular set of rules, was held at Hoboken, New Jersey, between the Knickerbocker and the New York nines in 1846.

In 1870, or 1872, a National Association of pro-

fessional nines was formed, and in 1876 the present National League was established with such prominent early players as George Wright, founder of Wright and Ditson; "Cap" Anson of Chicago; Charles Comiskey, for whom Comiskey Park is named; and A. G. Spaulding, founder of the firm which bears his name. The American League was an offshoot of the Western League, expanding in 1901 to the Eastern cities as an avowed rival of the National League.

Horse-racing was of course popular in Virginia from the earliest days of settlement. The native Indians often matched their ponies and were excellent riders. But, about the time of the Civil War, horse-racing really "arrived" when William R. Travers built the Saratoga, New York, race course, which attracted breeders and owners of thoroughbreds from all parts of the country. Jerome Park, in Westchester County, New York, was opened a few years later, and, as New York society attended quite regularly, the races attained wide popularity. In 1875 the first Kentucky Derby was run at Churchill Downs, and today it has become a classic race which is internationally known and widely attended by lovers of horse-flesh.

Football, the great sport of the fall season, was started by Princeton and Rutgers in 1869. At that time each college used twenty-five players and the game was voted quite uninteresting by the spectators. In 1874 McGill University of Montreal, Canada, challenged Harvard College to a match, and this was the rugby played in old England. The game has since attained wide popularity, being played by thousands of young men each fall. In 1867 an association of the Eastern colleges was formed.

Tennis was well-known in England at the time of Charles the First and was a favorite pastime at court, although it was not introduced to America until 1873, when a few enthusiasts laid out a court or two at Nahant, Massachusetts, just outside of Boston. In 1875 the Newport tournament for all comers was started, and the earliest exponent of the game was Dr. James Dwight, who, with Richard D. Sears, shared the Championship of America, so called. By 1881 the United States Lawn Tennis Association was established, and from this beginning has spread the sport which is most popular with college students.

The writer well remembers when golf first became popular in America, the denizens of the

links being roundly laughed at and lampooned in the newspapers. The men were said to have "bags on their legs"—the women to be "crazy." This was in the early 90's, when the St. Andrews Club near Yonkers, New York, and the Knollwood Country Club, not far from White Plains, were opened and used by enthusiasts. In 1894 there were but ten courses in the United States; today there are hundreds.

Rowing was not indulged in by colleges until the year 1844, when thirteen members of the class of 1846, at Harvard College, purchased the *Star*—an eight-oared shell, which was subsequently christened the *Oneida*. In 1852 the *Oneida* was entered against Yale in the first intercollegiate boat-race, and, after that, other colleges and universities adopted rowing as a sport. Now the far Western universities quite equal the East in this branch of athletics.

Yacht-racing might be said to date from the foundation of the New York Yacht Club by John C. Stevens of Hoboken. He was the first Commodore; his first yacht was the 9-foot *Diver*. Some of the charter members of the soon-to-be-famous club were Edward A. Stevens, Ambrose C. Kingsland, Alexander Major, Robert S. Hone,

William H. McVickar, Anson Livingston and Hamilton Morton.

Commodore Stevens was the owner of many famous yachts, including the *America,* the first American yacht ever to be entered in a race abroad, and winner of the Queen's Cup in 1851 against the fleet of the Royal Yacht squadron. This trophy has since been called the *America's* Cup. He also donated the club house to the New York Yacht Club at Hoboken.

The modern Olympic games date from the year 1896, when they were held at Athens, Greece. Since that time they have been competed for at Paris (1900); St. Louis (1904); Athens, again, (1906); London (1908); Stockholm (1912); and scheduled for Berlin (1916), but not held because of the World War; Antwerp (1920); Paris (1924) and Amsterdam (1928).

Aviation dates from December 7, 1903, when Orville and Wilbur Wright made their first successful flight at Kitty Hawk, North Carolina. On February 1, 1928, their original plane was shipped to the Kensington Museum, London, England. Since that year the progress of air-transportation has been more rapid. Aviators have circumnavigated the globe and flown above each of the Poles.

In 1889 (July 8) John L. Sullivan defeated Jake Kilrain at Richbourg, Mississippi, in seventy-five rounds, and prize-fighting in America may be said to date from that contest. It was the last championship bare-knuckle bout, the contests, since that time, being regulated by strict rules, the contestants being compelled to use gloves.

Today the world at large is interested in athletic contests which create a healthy interest in physical development, a desire for improvement of the body, a knowledge of the laws of right living, and an intermingling of the races of the world in friendly competition: thus showing that the resort to war as a settlement of international differences is not at all necessary in order to arbitrate either boundary disputes or other racial grievances.

Should the time come when clean sport dominates the interests of mankind, and the maiming, crippling, and destruction of human beings ceases to become the occupation of the so-called "leaders of men," then will the inhabitants of this planet really appreciate the value of right living; and it is not at all unlikely that the radio, telegraph, airplane, and other methods of speedy communication between the different portions of this earth

will at length sway the councils of all nations to such a world-wide outlook. Not until this time may we feel that we have reached a sufficiently high level of morality to equal the advance in material civilization.

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS: SECRETARY OF THE NAVY AND EXPERT YACHTSMAN

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CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS

CHAPTER II

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS: SECRETARY OF THE NAVY AND EXPERT YACHTSMAN

I never was on the dull, tame shore,
But I loved the great sea more and more,
And backwards flew to her billowy breast,
Like a bird that seeketh its mother's nest;
And a mother she was and is to me;
For I was born near the open sea.

I've lived since then in calm and strife,
Full fifty summers of sailor's life,
With wealth to spend, and a power to range,
But never have sought nor sighed for change,
And Death, whenever he comes to me,
Shall come on the wild, unbounded sea!

—*Barry Cornwall.*

At the end of the great quay which juts out into the blue waters of the Severn River at the United States Naval Academy, Annapolis, Maryland, lies a graceful hull moored to the dock by stout hawsers. She is boarded over, and her two masts, tilting backwards, are without the topmasts, so that she strongly resembles a native oyster schooner. On her stern is the word *America.*

This is the famous yacht which on August 22, 1851, defeated all the boats of the Royal Yacht Club in the open regatta of that club in their course from Cowes around the Isle of Wight, and won the Hundred Guinea Cup, which the owners of the *America* presented to the New York Yacht Club. In the last race for this trophy, during the month of July, 1920, the United States was represented by the yacht *Resolute,* the skipper of which was no other than the present Secretary of the Navy: the Honorable Charles Francis Adams of Quincy, Massachusetts.

The yacht *America* has had a romantic and checkered career. In 1851 there was to be a World's Fair in England, the first of the great international expositions, and, late in the year 1850 it was suggested that the United States should send over a yacht to take part in the races to be held that year as an auxiliary feature of the Exposition. As most of the larger English yachts were schooner-rigged, and, as the fame of the New York pilot-boats had already spread abroad, it was suggested that one of these boats should be sent. The idea appealed to Commodore Stevens of the New York Yacht Club, as he was a thorough-going sportsman, and he set about organizing a syndi-

cate to build a suitable boat, not being ready to pick an existing pilot-boat, or yacht, as had been suggested by many.

The contract for the building of the new vessel was awarded to William H. Brown, whose shipyard was at the foot of East 12th Street in New York City, the boat to cost—fully equipped—the sum of $30,000; the yacht to be delivered April 1, 1851, and to be tried by a member of the Syndicate for twenty days, at the Syndicate's expense. If she did not prove to be the fastest vessel in the United States, the Syndicate need not accept her; if, on the other hand, she proved to be satisfactory, the Syndicate had the option of taking her to England to race, and (curiously enough) "If not satisfactory there, the purchasers could then return her to the builder: Brown," which seems a most unfair and uneven contract and one which surely would not be signed by any builder in our day.

At any rate the boat was eventually finished and delivered to the Syndicate members, who had her in the water by June 18: a keel boat of 101-foot measurement, over-all, with a water-line length of 90 feet 9 inches. She had an extreme beam of 23 feet and an extreme draft of 11 feet. Her mainmast was 81 feet long, her foremast 79 feet 6 inches,

and—like the pilot-boats of the day—had a severe rake, or tilt aft. Her main boom was 53 feet in length and projected a long distance beyond the taffrail. Her bowsprit was 32 feet from tip to heel, and her total sail area 5253 square feet—in mainsail, foresail and single jib. (Our last Cup-defender, *Resolute,* sailed by Secretary Adams, had a sail area of 16,000 square feet, which shows how time has altered this element of a Cup-racer.) The *America* was built of white-oak planking, with decks of yellow pine, and had a copper bottom to just above the water-line; in fact, she was precisely similar to the swift pilot-boats of the period.

The design for the *America* emanated from the brains of a combination of yacht and boat enthusiasts: Commodore Stevens of the New York Yacht Club, and George Steers, a young designer in New York, who had had considerable success in his chosen field and had revolutionized the bodies for the swift New York pilot-boats. These two men helped each other both in design and construction. In her first trials in American waters, the *America* did not show to great advantage, being defeated several times by a famous sloop of the day, named the *Maria,* which was a larger craft. The *America* did, however, win a few races with boats of about

her own size, when in the very best of condition, and with a crew which was well-seasoned in handling the famous racer.

Thirteen men sailed across the Atlantic in the new challenger, and, in spite of this unlucky number, the *America* reached Havre, France, within twenty days from the date on which she left Sandy Hook. At Havre she was met by Commodore Stevens, and several alterations were made before she sailed for Cowes, Isle of Wight, where she was to meet the best that Britain could produce. A regular open regatta of the Royal Yacht Squadron was to be held around the Isle of Wight on August 22, 1851, for a trophy put up by the club and valued at 100 guineas (about $500), and the *America* was notified that she could enter the race without any time allowance. Commodore Stevens decided to enter the trial providing that there was a six-knot breeze.

Vainly the Commodore had endeavored to arrange a match race with the fastest of the British boats, but the Englishmen were wary and refused to come out in this fashion; so it was deemed advisable to race the entire Royal Yacht Squadron, even though the course was a difficult one for an outsider. "It is," said the London *Times,* "a

course which is one of the most unfair to strangers that can be selected, inasmuch as the currents and tides render local knowledge of more value than swift sailing and nautical skill."

Although the wind was light on the fateful August 22, the *America* was found in line with twenty yachts of the Royal Squadron, three of which did not start. At ten A.M. the starting gun boomed forth, and they were off, the *America* being the very last to get away. In a few moments, however, it was seen that the Yankee boat was no laggard. By the time that the Nab (twelve miles out) was reached, she had walked through the entire fleet except four; and these stayed together so that the stranger from the New World could not cut through, the breeze being astern. Again and again she came near jibbing, as she endeavored to get past the four British yachts; but, when the Nab was passed, the wind was ahead, and the *America* soon put open water between herself and the old-fashioned British boats. On the second leg of the course she outdistanced all of the defending yachts; but on the third leg (from St. Catherine's to the Needles) she footed it so fast that it was estimated that she was eight miles ahead of the second boat, the *Aurora* (a cutter).

Rounding the Needles, the Yankee boat sped up the Solent, but the wind became light and the *Aurora* gained to a point within two miles of the *America,* when the finish was neared in the gathering twilight. As she crossed the final line in the blackness, the Yankee boat was timed at 8.34, and the *Aurora* at 8.58. Two other British boats came in that night, the rest not arriving until after midnight, so late, indeed, that their time was not even taken.

A terrible hue and cry went up from the British just as soon as the result of this race became known, and the owner of the *Brilliant* protested the *America* next day, on the ground that she had passed on the wrong side of the Nab Lightship. However, as the sailing instructions given to Commodore Stevens did not say on which side of the lightship he should pass, the protest was not allowed. The *America* had pulled into Cowes at about nine o'clock—too late to be seen—but on the next day she was invaded by an army of curiosity seekers. Queen Victoria, herself, came down to look at the "Yankee trick"—as the *America* had been named—and was shown over the yacht, fore and aft, and was much interested in what she saw.

After winning the Hundred Guinea Cup, the

America sailed with the yacht *Titania,* a 100-ton schooner yacht, owned by Mr. Robert Stephenson, a match race of twenty miles to windward and return for £100 ($500). The breeze was fresh and the Yankee invader carried away her gaff on the run home; but this did not seem to damage her speed, for she won by nearly an hour's time, or fifty-two minutes, to be exact.

Not waiting to take the yacht home across the Atlantic, the Syndicate sold the *America* for $25,000 to Lord John de Blaquière. Since she was probably bought originally for around $20,000, and not $30,000, as the contract stipulated, the owners did not fare so badly after all. Remaining in England, she was raced rather unsuccessfully. After her masts had been cut down five feet, she was used on a Mediterranean cruise in 1852, and was then sold to Lord Templeton, who had her hauled up at Cowes. Again she changed hands, the new owner altering her name to the *Camilla,* and extensively refitting the now aging hull. In England she remained until the year 1861, when the Civil War broke out in America; then she became the property of a Southern sympathizer in Savannah, Georgia, who used her for a blockade-runner. For a time she was successful at this game of hide-and-

seek, until chased by a United States gunboat up the St. John's River in Florida, where she was scuttled and sunk by her crew. Her name was now the *Memphis,* and, being discovered by the U.S.S. *Ottawa,* with her masts half out of water and auger holes in her bottom, she was raised, refitted, and used not only as an auxiliary to the blockading fleet in Southern waters, but also as a training ship for the young middies at Annapolis. This was in 1864.

On August 8, 1870, or six years later and but nineteen years after she was built, the yacht *America,* renamed *Camilla* and *Memphis,* was again a participant in an international race, when the schooner *Cambria* came across to try for the Hundred Guinea Cup which Commodore Stevens had won from the Royal Yacht Club in 1851. This time the *America* came in fourth in the race, far outdistancing the British challenger and holding her own with the best of the American yachts. She was then sold to General Benjamin F. Butler of Lowell, Massachusetts, who had her rebuilt in 1880, and again in 1885, a year which saw her last race, which was against the schooners *Gitana, Fortuna,* and *Mohican,* all of which defeated the once invincible pilot-boat yacht. Her days of sea glory were over.

In 1893, however, when the *Vigilant* raced the *Valkyrie,* she appeared in the offing to watch the contest for the Cup which she had won in 1851; and a party on her deck was much interested in the new-fangled *skimming-dishes* which the mind of man had fashioned for racing on the sea. After that she was scarcely ever in commission and lay tied up to a Boston wharf, until presented to the United States Naval Academy in 1921 by descendants of General Butler, who had title to the famous yacht. To do the honors of the occasion Charles Francis Adams of Quincy, Massachusetts, was selected because of his great interest in yachting and of his prowess as a skipper. A regiment of cadets was paraded in honor of the occasion of the *America's* arrival in the Severn River. When Mr. Adams presented the title of the vessel to the Commandant of the Navy Yard, he was handed, in turn, a crisp one-dollar bill; it being unlawful for the United States to accept any gifts.

The *America's* Cup had been presented to the New York Yacht Club by the syndicate of owners of the yacht after their return from England, with the stipulation that it be raced for as a perpetual challenge trophy. Yet eleven years passed before a yacht appeared to endeavor to "lift the Cup."

This was the *Cambria,* a British keel-schooner yacht, owned by Mr. James Ashbury, which had raced the American schooner *Dauntless* across the ocean from England to New York and defeated her, much to the dismay of the American public. Yet there was nothing really to fear, as the *Cambria* came in tenth in the race for the Cup held August 8, 1870, even being defeated by the original Cup-winner *America,* which finished fourth to the *Magic* of the New York Yacht Club's flotilla. This was the only race for the Cup in which the entire fleet of yachts of the New York Yacht Club participated.

Not disheartened, Mr. Ashbury again challenged, and in 1871, the following year, brought over the *Livonia,* another schooner-yacht which raced the *Columbia* and the *Sappho;* it then being permissible for the New York Yacht Club to race a different boat in any, or all races, but only one in each race. In this series the *Columbia* won the first two races, but lost the third, because she became disabled. The *Sappho* won the fourth and the fifth races, thus making the contest four races out of seven. Mr. Ashbury then retired to the British Isles, never again to issue a challenge for the much-coveted Cup.

From then on until the present moment, the trophy has been raced for at short intervals, the United States being still in charge of the *America's* Cup, although it has come dangerously near being "lifted" upon several occasions, notably when *Shamrock II* brought her beautifully proportioned body into racing form. To be exact, the Cup has been retained by the following boats from the following challengers:

1851: Won by the *America.*
1870: Won by the *Magic* defeating the *Cambria.*
1871: Won by the *Columbia* and the *Sappho* defeating the *Livonia.*
1876: Won by the *Madeline* defeating the *Countess of Dufferin* (Canadian).
1881: Won by the *Mischief* defeating the *Atalanta.*
1885: Won by the *Puritan* defeating the *Genesta.*
1886: Won by the *Mayflower* defeating the *Galatea.*
1887: Won by the *Volunteer* defeating the *Thistle.*
1893: Won by the *Vigilant* defeating the *Valkyrie 2nd.*
1895: Won by the *Defender* defeating the *Valkyrie 3rd.*
1899: Won by the *Columbia* defeating the *Shamrock I.*

1901: Won by the *Columbia* defeating the *Shamrock II.*

1903: Won by the *Reliance* defeating the *Shamrock III.*

1920: Won by the *Resolute* defeating the *Shamrock IV.*

It was nineteen years after the Cup had been won before a challenger appeared, the intervals between the races, since that time, not being very great, except between the years 1887 and 1893, when six years elapsed without a race; and 1903 to 1920, when seventeen years elapsed with no contest. Able seamen have held the tillers of these American yachts, perhaps none with a more constant record of sea-action than the last skipper and present (1930) Secretary of the Navy, Charles Francis Adams of Quincy, on the seacoast of Massachusetts—a rocky shore-line with chill and tide-ripped waters, which has bred seamen of mark for many generations.

The father of the skipper of the *Resolute* was a man who loved the sea-water. He lived near the blue Atlantic during the pleasant months of summer, when the fishing was excellent (particularly the smelt fishing) and the yachting in Quincy Bay,

Boston Harbor, and the little basin at Marblehead, was unexcelled. In fact, it is said of the noted lawyer that once when called to attend Court by the Judge, who knew his habits and where to find him, he sent back word:

"I cannot come, Judge, for the smelt are biting as I never saw them before in my whole life."

All of the Adams family attended Harvard College, and John Quincy Adams, son of President Adams and fifth President of the United States, taught rhetoric at one time at Harvard. He had a most distinguished career and must have liked politics, for he served for many years in the House of Representatives after his term of the Presidency had passed. He was a fiery debater, insensible to fear, and strong in his opposition to the retention of slavery. He was buried at Quincy, Massachusetts, near which the present Secretary of the Navy has a home called "The Glades," and where on the wind-swept waters of Quincy Bay, he sailed his first boat, the *Dandelion,* when he was but twelve years of age.

The two Adams brothers, George and Charles Francis, literally grew up on the water. Every Wednesday and Saturday was a race-day at the Quincy Yacht Club, and the two brothers were

often victors in the class of smaller boats. The *Dandelion* often crossed the line a winner, but the *Cricket,* a 25-foot sloop, later flew the Adams flag. She was a "mean customer" and was ably handled in many a thrilling race.

About this time, also, one Aubrey Crocker—later the skipper of the Cup-defender *Puritan*—would often take the Adams boys along with him as crew on his fast racing-boats; so the education of a seaman went along thoroughly and well under the tutelage of a man who was to make nautical history.

In 1884 young "Charlie" Adams went to Harvard College, where he was most popular in his class, being elected its president. Before graduating, however, he had begun to build better boats, and, in 1887, became the owner of the *Papoose,* a 35-foot keel sloop drawn by the famous designer of yachts and fishing vessels, Edward Burgess. This yacht fought out a game battle with the *Shadow,* a fast boat owned by Dr. John Bryant, and defeated her, much to the doctor's disgust, in her maiden race off Nahant, in the annual regatta of the Boston Yacht Club, June 17, 1887.

Edward Burgess was the creator of the *Puritan, Mayflower,* and *Volunteer,* all Cup-defenders, and afterwards designed for young Adams the *Baboon,*

which was quite similar in general aspect to the *Papoose.* For a time the Quincy yachtsman stuck to the 35-foot class, owning the *Gossoon,* the *Harpoon,* the *Rooster* and the *Crooner.* In later years he turned to Indian names, calling one of his boats the *Ahmeek.*

After he was graduated from Harvard, the young seaman went to England with the *Gossoon,* and there defeated the *Minerva,* the best English boat of her class with a long list of victories over American yachts. Returning home with his trophies, he purchased in 1892 the Burgess 45-foot boat *Beatrix* from Dr. John Bryant and renamed her the *Harpoon,* which he raced repeatedly. Taking her to Newport that year, he won the Goelet Cup, the principal sloop trophy in America, defeating the *Wasp,* a Herreshoff production, sailed by one of our very best skippers, Charles Barr.

In 1893, a Boston syndicate launched the *Pilgrim,* an extreme fin-keel boat designed by Stewart and Binney, with a shallow body and very little displacement, and raced as a possible Cup-defender against the *Vigilant,* a Herreshoff centerboard boat; the *Colonia,* a keel-type boat also by Herreshoff; and the *Jubilee,* owned by General Paine of Boston and designed by his son.

In the trial races between these four possible defenders, Charlie Adams was skipper of the *Pilgrim,* the first 90-footer that he had ever handled. As she was badly rigged and canvased, he had a stiff proposition before him. In the first race she carried away her gaff-jaws before she even started, and had to put back. The *Colonia,* with old "Hank" Haff at the helm, won. In the second trial the *Pilgrim* was third, the *Vigilant* first, the *Jubilee* second and the *Colonia* last. In the third race the *Vigilant* again won from the *Colonia;* and both the *Pilgrim* and the *Jubilee* had trouble with their gear and came in well behind. The *Vigilant* was unanimously selected as defender of the *America's* Cup for the races in the year 1893.

This experience was splendid for Skipper Adams, although in the next few years he sailed only small boats, owning the *Rooster 2nd* and the *Bat,* which won success in Massachusetts Bay and Marblehead Harbor. The year 1901 saw a new series of races to select a defender for the *America's* Cup, Boston being represented by a scow-bowed boat called the *Independence,* built and owned by the famous stock speculator and plunger, Thomas W. Lawson, and designed by B. B. Crowninshield. For a time Skipper Adams was on the advisory board

of the *Independence;* but in trial races off Newport with *Columbia* and *Constitution,* it was seen that the *Independence* would not do. *Columbia* proved the best boat and was selected to race with *Shamrock II* for the Cup, which the former won.

Then followed more and more small-boat racing for the Quincy boat-lover, until the year 1906, when the famous Sonder boats came over from Germany to race with what America could produce in the small-boat class of the jib and mainsail type about sixteen feet on the water-line. The Secretary built the *Auk,* which was the second Yankee boat to qualify, the *Vim* being the first one selected to carry the colors of Uncle Sam. The Germans never had a chance for the Roosevelt Cup, being soundly trounced by the Yankee lads in 1906, '07, '09, '11 and '12. In 1910 Spain entered the lists to meet with a like fate, each country being represented by three yachts of the 16-foot class. Seventeen boats were built in the States for the trial races, the *Auk* easily winning a place in each trial race, due to skillful handling by her skipper.

In 1916 "Charlie" Adams built his P-boat *Ahmeek* and took her to Manhasset Bay, Long Island, to race for the Manhasset Bay Cup, but was thrown out after he had won a majority of the

races, because upon re-measurement it was found that his boat slightly exceeded the proper water-line length. But two years before this, in 1914, he had been selected by Robert Wales Simmons 2nd to sail his boat *Resolute,* a 90-footer constructed as a possible Cup-defender. In two seasons of racing, with Adams at the wheel, this staunch craft came through with a record of twenty-five victories and four defeats. In 1920, a series of elimination races were held in order to see if the *Resolute* were good enough to represent America in defense of the famous Cup. In trial races with the *Vanite,* she came over the line a winner eight times out of thirteen starts. She was therefore selected as an opponent for Sir Thomas Lipton's *Shamrock IV.*

The *Resolute* was a product of "Nat" Herreshoff—known as the *Wizard of Bristol* (Bristol being in Rhode Island, where his yard and designing shop are located). He is a grim and silent man who has been connected with the defense of the *America's* Cup since the year 1893, when the *Valkyrie II* challenged. "No one in the world can beat a Herreshoff boat in windward sailing," is an axiom among yachtsmen, and in the *Resolute* he designed a small boat (compared with the *Reliance* and the *Vigilant*) aimed to get every advantage

out of the new rule that the length of both challenger and defender should be seventy-five feet on the water-line. The challenger against whom she sailed, *Shamrock IV,* carried about twenty per cent more sail. Herreshoff's previous Cup-defender, the *Reliance,* had a water-line of 89 feet 8 inches and an enormous sail area of 16,169 feet; the *Resolute,* on the other hand, carried about 16,000 square feet.

Skipper Adams was at the helm; Hans Christensen, who came to the States in 1882 from Arednal, Norway, was the sailing master; and Gus Olsen, a Dane, was second mate. Of the crew of twenty-six men, nineteen were Norwegians and seven were Swedes. The quick action of the graceful yacht which carried the hopes of America was due to the efficient work of its crew. The events of the match were as follows:

First Race, July 15, 1920. Fifteen miles to windward and return in a light southwest wind. *Resolute's* throat-halyards parted, dropping her gaff and letting her mainsail down, as she was about to round the fifteen-mile turn and was one mile ahead of *Shamrock IV,* which won in 4 hours, 25 minutes, 12 seconds.

Second Race, July 17. Yachts did not finish

within 6-hour limit period, owing to lack of wind. *Resolute* was half an hour ahead when race was called off.

Second Race (*resailed*) *July 20.* 30-mile triangular course, *Shamrock IV* won, 5 hours, 22 minutes, 18 seconds; *Resolute* 5 hours, 24 minutes, 44 seconds; elapsed time: 9 minutes, 27 seconds, or 2 minutes, 26 seconds, corrected time.

Third Race, July 23. Won by *Resolute* in light southwest wind over windward and leeward course. Each took 4 hours, 3 minutes, 6 seconds to cover the course, but *Resolute* won by her time allowance of 6 minutes and 40 seconds.

Fourth Race, July 23. Won by *Resolute* over 30-mile triangular course in squally weather. *Resolute,* leading from the start, won by 3 minutes, 18 seconds, elapsed time, or 9 minutes, 58 seconds corrected time. *Resolute:* 3 hours, 31 minutes, 12 seconds; *Shamrock IV:* 3 hours, 41 minutes, 10 seconds.

Fifth Race, July 24. Postponed because of 25-mile southwester.

Fifth Race, July 26. Called off after yachts failed to cover 30-mile windward and leeward course within 6-hour time limit.

Fifth Race, July 27. Won by *Resolute* over a

windward and leeward course in light southwest wind. *Resolute*'s elapsed time: 5 hours, 28 minutes, 35 seconds; *Shamrock IV*: 5 hours, 48 minutes, 29 seconds. *Resolute* won by 13 minutes, 5 seconds elapsed time, or 19 minutes, 45 seconds corrected time.

So Skipper Adams had piloted in the winner, after a very poor start, indeed, for an accident had caused his defeat in the first race, and the *Shamrock IV* had outsailed him in the second; he had, in fact, *come from behind* to win handsomely. "I was beaten by a better boat," said Sir Thomas Lipton, owner of the *Shamrock IV;* but he did not mention her handling, and those who were wise in nautical activities knew that this had played an important part.

In the seventh race Skipper Burton of the *Shamrock IV* outmaneuvered the future Naval Secretary at the start and placed his boat in the coveted weather position right on top of the *Resolute;* Skipper Adams tried every trick of seamanship to get from the Briton's lee, but Burton held his place for seven or eight miles. Experienced yachtsmen had noted the plight of the Yankee boat from the start. When asked about it, the victorious yachtsman said: "I just pulled a bone! that's all!" At any

rate he finally got clear of the Irish boat and won.

But sailing on the ocean is not all of the Secretary's business by any means. In 1895, the combined forces of Democrats and Independent Republicans elected him Mayor of Quincy, Massachusetts, and he served his city for two years.

In 1898 he was appointed Treasurer of Harvard University. This position requires both business acumen and financial judgment. Harvard is the second heaviest endowed of American Universities, the richest being Duke University of Durham, N. C., which was founded in 1838. Duke was a small struggling institution of learning until 1925, when it was left $10,000,000 in cash, and two-thirds of the residue of the estate of James B. Duke, a benefactor who had already given it $40,000,000. It is estimated that the entire Duke estate amounted to about $80,000,000, in which case the endowment of the University would be around $103,000,000.

Harvard, founded by the Reverend John Harvard in 1636, is the oldest in point of years, and the second richest of our universities: it had an endowment fund of nearly $100,000,000 in 1929. Duke has but 2000 students and 157 instructors, Harvard has 9000 students and 1311 instructors.

The tremendous endowment which Harvard has collected has been through specific bequests from individuals who had a desire to benefit higher education in America. Starting from the original £750 (about $3,750) and a library of 320 volumes, received from the Reverend John Harvard of Charlestown, Massachusetts, the growth of the small college on the Charles River in two and three-quarters centuries is truly extraordinary. Its Treasurer has a modest office at 84 State Street in Boston, with a couple of roll-top desks—for modesty is a characteristic of New England.

When President-elect Hoover asked Charles Francis Adams of Concord and Quincy, Massachusetts, to become his Secretary of the Navy, he brought to the position a man who knows boats from the keel up, and has in his lifetime probably owned more yachts than any other man in New England. From the original small *Dandelion* to the Indian-named *Ahmeek,* many racing craft have felt the touch of his able hand. "But," says he, "the worst name which I chose for one of my yachts was that of *Psyche.* I had such a boat, and was nearing the wharf one day, when I heard two old sea-dogs conversing about her.

" 'Wa-al,' said one, as he gazed at the graceful stern upon which her name was emblazoned in gilt letters, 'Ef that ain't the goldurndest way ter spell *Fish* I ever see!' "

1878. Owned the *Dandelion,* a small boat with which he won several races of the Quincy Yacht Club.

1880. Owned the *Cricket,* a 25-foot sloop. From 1880 to '85 sailed with Aubrey Crocker, skipper of the Cup-defender *Puritan* which defeated *Genesta* for the *America's* Cup.

1887. Built the *Papoose,* designed by Edward Burgess—a 35-foot keel sloop. June 17, 1887, she defeated the *Shadow.*

1888. Built the *Baboon,* a 49-footer.

1889. Built the *Gossoon* and raced her in England.

1892. Purchased the *Beatrix,* renaming her the *Harpoon,* and won the Goelet Cup off Newport.

1893. Raced the *Pilgrim* for Cup-defense trials.

1894-1901. Raced small boats. Owned the *Rooster,* the *Crooner* and the *Bat.*

1901. Served on committee for Thomas W. Lawson's *Independence* in Cup-defense trials.

1906, 1907, 1909, 1911 and 1912. Raced against Germany's Sonder boats, with the *Auk,* a 16-foot racer.

1910. Successfully raced against Spain in Sonder boat class.

1914. Selected by R. W. Emmons 2nd to sail the *Resolute* in Cup-defense trials. Had 25 victories and 4 defeats.

1916. Won the Taft races in the *Harpoon.* Won majority of races for the Manhasset Bay Cup in his boat the *Ahmeek.*

1920. Sailed the *Resolute* against *Shamrock IV* for the *America's* Cup.

1921. Turned over the yacht *America* to the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis, Maryland.

1929. Was appointed Secretary of the Navy by President Herbert Hoover.

1930. Cup-defense trials.

RICHARD EVELYN BYRD: FIRST AVIATOR TO CIRCLE THE NORTH AND SOUTH POLES

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RICHARD EVELYN BYRD

CHAPTER III

RICHARD EVELYN BYRD: FIRST AVIATOR TO CIRCLE THE NORTH AND SOUTH POLES

The founder of the distinguished Byrd family of Virginia came to that lush land along the James River over two hundred years ago, when the province was still a wilderness peopled by Indians. William Byrd the First, shrewd, skillful and adventurous, was the son of John Byrd, a goldsmith of London, England. The young immigrant first made his home at "Belvidere," within the present bounds of Richmond. Later, when his finances warranted the change, he built an elegant mansion on the James River, twenty miles below the city, and called it "Westover." The residence was a model of correct English architecture. Many fine portraits lined its stately walls, and much cut-glass and polished silver graced its table; its collection of books formed the first adequate library in the new country. "Westover" was, indeed, the proper setting for a prosperous

country gentleman and the seat of a famous family.

William Byrd the First died here in 1704, and was buried beneath the green sod of the family burial ground. He left the management of his vast holdings to his son, William Byrd the Second, who had been educated in England and was a man who combined the talents of trade with the love of the arts. His name has always been held in great esteem by the Virginians, and, during his occupancy, "Westover" was known throughout the Colony for its elegance and hospitality. The writings of William the Second, known as the "Black Swan," reveal a man possessed of a "sprightly" fancy, great kindness of heart, remarkable energy, and much artistic perception. It is certain that there were few men in the Colony who were more socially delightful than he. The "Black Swan" became the idol of a large family connection. His *History of the Dividing Line* (concerning a survey line made between Virginia and North Carolina in 1728) is still read with interest and amusement because of its many witty sayings. He died August 26, 1744, and was, like his father, buried in the garden at "Westover," where an epitaph reminds us that he was "a well-bred gentleman and

a polite companion, the prudent father of a family and a hearty friend to the liberties of the country."

His eldest son, William Byrd the Third, held prominent offices in the Colony; he was given the command of the Second Virginia Regiment after Braddock's defeat in 1755 "to protect the frontier against the French and Indians," and was afterwards commissioned a deputy to the Cherokee Indians. In the American Revolution, however, his sympathies were with England, and his eldest son served as a captain in the English army. But another son was in the American force; so the father's heart must have been sorely strained in this momentous conflict. After the close of that historic warfare, he became so infatuated with gambling that his estate was seriously involved, and he died by his own hand, leaving a widow with eight children. Beautiful "Westover," standing on the banks of the slow-moving James, a model of the best English architecture of the period, passed out of the Byrd family forever. Many times it has changed hands; its lawns were traversed by vandal Northern soldiers in the War between the States; its gates were sold for the money they would bring; it showed great neglect and lack of repair. At length, it came into the possession of an owner who

restored the gates, built up the rotting fences, and had the soil tilled once more; so that, today, it stands, as of old, a landmark of beauty and culture in the first of the English Colonies in the New World.

Although drifting away from the home made famous by the "Black Swan," the Byrds not only scattered over the state, but also entered fields other than that of trade. Today the family can boast of lawyers of note, physicians of prominence, a Governor of Virginia—Harry Byrd of Winchester—and Rear Admiral Richard Evelyn Byrd, U.S.N. (retired), the first man to fly around the North and South Poles by airplane.

Richard Evelyn Byrd, Senior, the father of Tom, Dick, and Harry Byrd, was a lawyer at Richmond, Virginia; a man of deep thought who held many public positions during his life. His three sons were brought up at Winchester in the Shenandoah Valley, where they went to school, camped in the mountains, fished in the streams, picked apples when the crop had ripened, and helped around the neighboring farms. They might have then been "every Tom, Dick, and Harry," but they were all destined to be men of mark: Tom to be a captain in the World War, cited for meritorious ser-

vice over-seas, and a prospering attorney of Richmond; Dick to be a commander and premier aviator; and Harry to be a governor.

From early days Dick had an adventurous temperament and was never afraid to voyage anywhere and everywhere. He lived in a town which had changed hands twenty-two times in a single year during the Civil War days. Nearby had been fought many a serious battle in the war between the North and the South. Winchester lay directly in the path of General Lee when he marched northward in the invasion of Maryland, in 1862, and it witnessed the retreat of his badly equipped forces. Many a time the town had thrilled to the tramp of "Stonewall" Jackson's "foot-cavalry," its windows had held the faces of ardent Southern patriots as "Jeb" Stuart's cavalrymen rode through, led by that cheerful horseman with a black plume waving from his felt hat. It had seen the disorganized retreat of Bank's Union columns, leaving so many supplies in their wake that he was christened "Mr. Commissary Banks" by the hungry Southern troops.

Winchester still held memories of General Washington, first Commander of Virginian troops upon the frontier, and it still contained the little

blockhouse which he had erected here. There were yet memories of the great meetings of the Shawnee Indians who once roved the valley to bathe in the medicinal waters at Berkeley Springs, across the mountains. There were tales of Cornstalk and Logan, and of the bloody battle of Kanawha, when the Virginian troops had driven the redmen back to the Ohio River. And in this atmosphere of war and adventure Dick Byrd grew to young manhood, his spirit fired by the tales of heroism, of battles, of brave men and noble women. The mighty apple orchards on the surrounding hills covered a land which was teeming with romance and the spirit of chivalrous and courageous achievement. It is no wonder then that the future Rear Admiral went clear around the world at the age of twelve!

A letter came to Winchester from Judge A. C. Carson, formerly of the Old Dominion, but now presiding over a judicial district in the Philippine Islands, who invited young Dick Byrd to visit him in the far-distant East.

"May I go, mother?" asked young Dick. "It would be just great."

At first Mrs. Byrd wavered, but there is a great deal of the adventurous in her spirit, too, and she finally consented.

"You may go, son," she said, "but you'll have to trust to providence—I believe that it will protect you."

Two weeks later she put her boy on the train bound for the other side of the world.

"I pulled out of Richmond on the train for San Francisco," said Dick, later on, "and I had a brand-new, shiny suitcase. In it I had some spare underwear and a new brush and comb, which I had received as a Christmas present. I also had a ball of string and a big jack-knife, and I can't say that these articles were necessary for a trip around the world; yet I was surprised at the number of things I did with them before I finished the great adventure."

At San Francisco Dick took a boat for Manila, via Japan, and although she passed through a typhoon, she arrived at the Philippine Islands with the young Virginian all safe and sound. The Judge was delighted to see the boy from the Shenandoah Valley; he took him all around the Islands to inspect them, and, although there was still fighting between the native troops and the Americans, no bullets whizzed past the ears of the youthful globe-trotter. Dick was given a commission as Deputy Sheriff, which meant that he would be

called upon for help if there was need of assistance. This made young Dick feel that he was quite a man.

"I think that I will travel home by a new route," he told Judge Carson, when the time drew near for his return to the States. "That means I will keep on going East, and I will travel clean around the world!"

"Go to it, boy, and travel," said the Judge. "I admire your pluck—go to it—and win."

So when he was ready to sail back to "Ole Vaginny," young Dick took passage on a steamer headed for India. At thirteen years of age Dick Byrd had circumnavigated the globe; twenty-six years later, he was to return from a flight across the North Pole. The boy liked taking a chance; his was the same spirit which had burned in the soul of those early traders and land-owners of "Westover" on the James.

Far up in the mountains of the Old Dominion lies the town of Lexington and here is the Virginia Military Institute, a Spartan training-school and the West Point of the South. In the Civil War the cadets were of both parties. The Byrds, of course, went with the State of Virginia: Richard Evelyn Byrd, who had married Anne, the daugh-

ter of Benjamin Harrison of "Brandon" and was an uncle of Dick Byrd, our famous aviator, served on the staff of General Gorse, C.S.A. When fourteen years old, young Dick attended this military institution where he received such a stern training that, when he was sent to be a cadet at Annapolis, the course there seemed easy for him. But before entering Annapolis, Dick went to the University of Virginia, where he became noted for his athletic prowess, playing quarter-back on the eleven, and appearing as a winner in track events.

"Dick Byrd never got excited," says one of his classmates. "He had a good, sharp way of snapping out the signals that made us feel that the play which he was ordering was just the right one to gain ground with."

In June, 1908, Dick entered Annapolis, and, although at first he did nothing, athletically, in his third year he made the varsity football team and played quarter-back. He was light, weighing but 135 pounds, but he was a safe and sure tackler with a cool and clear head.

In his third year the cadets played the Princeton Tigers who had a strong eleven and were bent upon victory. The ball see-sawed back and forth over the green turf, and, about half-way through

43334

the contest the scrimmage piled up both teams near the Navy goal-line. Dick Byrd was underneath the mass—with the ball. When the two elevens were disentangled, the cadet quarter-back could not get up.

"I believe that my right leg is broken," said Dick.

Sure enough, it was smashed through, and the courageous quarter-back was in the hospital for three weeks, while his leg lay in a plaster cast. This was a great misfortune for it resulted eventually in his retirement from the Navy long before he had reached the age-limit. But if he had not been retired, he probably would not have starred in aviation; so, after all, luck was in that accident on the athletic field at Annapolis.

Other mishaps were in store for the young naval officer, who was destined to fly around the North Pole in a dare-devil flight. When Yale faced Annapolis in a gymnastic exhibition, the whole corps of midshipmen was highly excited over the prospect of a close contest. Dick Byrd was considered the star who would bring the Navy its winning points. He performed a remarkable "stunt" on the rings, which was both difficult and dangerous, but he had done it several times and felt sure he

could do it again. This time, however, he failed and fell straight down to the floor, his life being saved because he landed feet first. His ankle was crushed by the fearful impact.

For weeks Dick Byrd again lay in the hospital, studying while in bed, "boning" for those stiff examinations which he had to pass before he could graduate from the Academy. When the Secretary of the Navy handed him his diploma, only those who were acquainted with the facts knew that the Navy had come dangerously close to losing one of the best men that ever trod the quarter-deck, and that the Class of 1912 at Annapolis was almost graduated without its most famous member. Only pluck and grim determination succeeded in gaining the coveted degree for Dick Byrd.

The records of naval officers, which are kept in the Navy Department at Washington, D. C., show a number of citations beneath the name of Richard Evelyn Byrd, of which the following are a few:

Cited for heroism in saving a man from drowning, July 16, 1914.

Cited for saving a man from drowning, August 15, 1914.

Commendation from Admiral W. L. Grant, British Royal Navy, December 21, 1918.

Commendation by Director of Royal Canadian Air Service, August 27, 1918.

Commendation by the Secretary of the Navy for courage, energy and efficiency on the First Trans-Atlantic flight, 1921.

Decoration by the Government of Portugal for inventions of aerial navigational instruments, September 15, 1921.

Commendation from the General Staff, United States Army, June 10, 1923.

Commendation from Secretary of Air Ministry of Great Britain, in connection with the loss of Dirigible ZR-2.

Commendation for courage in Arctic flying over Ellesmere Land and Greenland in August, 1925.

Congressional Medal and thanks of Congress on the occasion of his having flown across the North Pole.

In the year 1914, Dick was on duty with the fleet at Guantanamo, the Naval base of the United States on the south coast of Cuba, and here he had his first taste of flying—a taste which led to further effort and ultimate world-wide renown for the name of Richard Evelyn Byrd. In those days planes were in their infancy and were not at all reliable; their motors went bad; their seats were

uncomfortable; and they had big, heavy bodies. An officer in the Air Service asked Dick if he would like to take a "hop" with him, and Byrd did not hesitate; even then, he was dreaming of following in the footsteps of Admiral Peary, who had reached the North Pole by dog-sled three years before. This first "hop" of Dick's was prophetic, for it gave the air-adventurer an initial taste of that branch of the service in which he was soon to make a remarkable name as a daring and successful aviator.

About this time, he rescued two sailors from drowning and was awarded a special Navy medal for these acts of heroism. But Dick was soon to receive a blow which nearly unmanned him: The Navy Medical Board retired him from active service because of his bad ankle and smashed leg, both of which he had received on the field of sports. When he stood on watch on the bridge of a battleship his ankle always ached and annoyed him; in bad weather he suffered sharp attacks of shooting pains, which made him wince. The Board decided that he was not competent to fulfil the duties of an officer, and should be compelled to give up active work.

"For a long time I was disconsolate," says

Byrd of this period of his life. "I wanted to be a naval officer and I wanted more rank, more pay, and still more service. Then, by this bolt from the blue, it seemed as if my life-work were ruined. To be retired as a Navy cripple on small pay was no pleasant surprise for me, as I felt perfectly sound and fit for future adventures; but, thank Heaven! I again received the chance to show that all was not dead timber in the hulk which bore the name of Byrd of Virginia!"

The World War is really what gave Byrd his chance to "come back," for every man with special training was needed in both Army and Navy, and the doctors decided, after some discussion, to give the retired Commander an opportunity to enter the aviation field and he was sent to a training station at Pensacola, Florida, in the spring of 1918. Although two men were killed just in front of him at the moment he took his first flight, the ex-Commander went up into the air with an instructor. In a week he was competent to manage and pilot a plane alone, and from that time on he became more and more expert in aviation. "Never again does a flier feel the same thrill as when he first throws in the controls and lifts his machine clear of the earth," said Byrd afterwards. "I

made hundreds of landings from every altitude and in every position which the plane could assume, with and without power, and, after a month's training, I felt competent to go anywhere and everywhere."

From Pensacola, Byrd was sent to Rhode Island to assist the Governor in the formation of the Naval Militia. From this duty he was shipped to Washington where he was put to work in the Navy Department; then, after frequent requests to be sent on active duty, he was ordered to Halifax, Nova Scotia, and directed to build an airplane base there. He directed this work in a highly satisfactory manner. Occasionally his planes went out to sea to look for German submarines, but, although many were expected, none were seen. Suddenly, on November 11, 1918, the great World War came to a dramatic end. Byrd's aid was no longer required, and again he faced obscurity in retirement.

But a good man never stays down for long. In the winter of 1919-1920, the Navy engineers were at work on the construction of what was to be the largest airplane in the world, to be known as the NC-1. She was to make about 75 miles an hour, carry a crew of six men, and cruise about

1500 miles with a full load. She had four engines, a wing spread of 126 feet, and a length and fusilage of 63 feet. By April, 1919, three of these planes had been constructed and made ready for flight, and Commander John Powers was put in control of them at Far Rockaway, Long Island. It was decided that the three planes should fly to the coast of Newfoundland, then across the Atlantic to the Azores and Portugal, and home, if possible, by the same route. Dick Byrd was asked to become a member of the crew—he was then comparatively unknown to the public, in spite of his excellent reputation in the Navy—and he went willingly. It was the first attempt on the part of the United States at trans-Atlantic flying and marked a new era in transportation across the sea. This, of course, started with Columbus, who sailed his caravels from Palos, Spain, to the Gulf of Mexico, in sixty-nine days, from August 3 to October 12, 1492.

The three planes, backed in their trans-Atlantic flight by the United States Navy, started from Far Rockaway, L. I., and reached Newfoundland in safety. From there they headed for the Azores. Two planes fell into the water, the men in them miraculously escaping with their lives; but the

one navigated by Commander Reed continued to Portugal and was the very first to cross the Atlantic by air. Byrd was taken as far as Newfoundland, but was not allowed to continue onward. His experiences, however, in this flight were of great advantage to him in his further progress as an aviator.

In August, 1921, the British built a great dirigible, called the ZR-2, which, after it had been flown from London to New York, was to become the property of the United States Navy. Byrd asked the Secretary of the Navy (Theodore Roosevelt, 2nd) to allow him to go to England and fly across in her, and received a reluctant consent, "for," said the Secretary, "we don't want you to go, because we need you in the Navy and we wish you to wait until the Navy develops a plane which can cross to Europe without a single stop. However, here is our consent. You can gain some valuable experience, no doubt, in that vessel."

When Dick landed in England by steamer, he found that the giant dirigible was about to take her first practice spin, and he hastened to board a train for Howden, where the hangar of the ZR-2 was located. He missed one train, and had to take a later one.

When the next train reached Howden, the list of those who were to go up in the ZR-2 had been completed, and Byrd's name was not included, which distressed him greatly. He endeavored to persuade one of the mechanics to give him his place, but the man refused, and, as the great ship sailed at length into the azure air, Dick Byrd watched her from the ground. Wearily and sadly he caught a train for London, where he entered a barber shop for a much-needed hair cut. As he sank into the chair, prepared for the twenty minutes of tonsorial work, he was startled by a newsboy calling an "Extra."

"*Extra! Extra!*" shouted the boy. "*Read all about the terrible explosion on the airship ZR-2.*"

Byrd dashed into the street to purchase a paper. The enormous dirigible had broken in half, when well up above the Humber River near the tiny village of Hull; her framework in breaking had ripped open some of the big hydrogen gas bags, and sparks from the hot engine had ignited this gas, which caused the explosion. Bodies came hurtling to the ground and into the river. Her commanding officer, brave General Maitland of the British Air Service, was found burned to death in the wreckage, his hand gripping the

ballast valve. When Byrd arrived at the scene, only bits of wreckage floating upon the still waters of the silent, blue Humber, remained of what had been the giant dirigible ZR-2.

Some unseen power apparently guides the steps of those who are destined to leave brilliant records upon the pages of history. Had the great aviator arrived twenty minutes earlier from London, he undoubtedly would have shared the same fate that overtook the unfortunate crew and passengers of the ZR-2. At the first attack upon Fort Duquesne, George Washington had four bullets cut through his coat, and three horses were killed under him in the fight near Turtle Creek; yet he passed through the skirmish unscathed to be the founder of a new and mighty republic. So, too, with Richard Evelyn Byrd. He was to press on to greater deeds of aviation which would thrill and interest a scientific world, and his name was soon to be on every tongue.

In 1925, Byrd was sent to Chicago to establish a station for the training of naval aviators in times of peace. While there, he was telegraphed to report at Washington, where he was informed that a plan had been made for sending the big American dirigible, *Shenandoah*, across the North Pole. She

was to start at San Diego, fly to Alaska, and from there across the top of the globe and down into the European zone.

One night, when dining with Captain "Bob" Bartlett, the famous skipper who was with Peary for many years, Byrd suggested that it would be an interesting and feasible undertaking to fly an airplane from North Greenland out over the Polar sea and to discover if there is any land in that enormous unknown area above the North American continent. Bartlett was enthusiastic over the idea. Edsel Ford contributed $15,000 to Byrd's undertaking, and the Navy backed him up with two planes, a group of mechanics and helpers, and a radio outfit. Thus, before it was really understood why this test was to be made, the descendant of the "Black Swan" sailed away from New York in the steamship *Peary,* in June, 1925. In August a base was established at Etah, North Greenland—the same base which Peary had used in his dash with dog-sleds to the top of the globe, and where dwell many Esquimaux whom he had trained.

Etah means the "windy place" in Esquimaux. Here are several stone igloos in which three or four families reside. The settlement is situated on the side of a deep bay, or fjord, which extends about

five miles from the coast-line to its inner rim. At the end, a huge glacier discharges a stream of melting ice when it is summer in the North. High cliffs are upon either side, the nesting place for hundreds of thousands of dovekies, or little auks, and every day after the sun swings over the Greenland ice-cap, these tiny birds swim out to sea to search for small jellyfish on the surface of the water. As evening descends, they wing their way homeward, to be caught in huge nets held into the air by the Esquimaux at certain seasons of the year. They are then salted and put away in sealskins for the long winter's provender.

In this bleak and barren place Peary had spent many months in research work. Now, only a few years afterwards, motors and planes had been perfected to such a degree that Byrd was to try and fly the distance which Peary had traversed only with great exertion and the loss of one man by drowning. The scion of one of Virginia's most celebrated families was prepared to fly over the Pole in an amphibian plane, which could take off from the water as well as from the land, and had a body shaped underneath like a boat, on which were wheels that could be withdrawn from the water when the plane was afloat.

On August 5, Byrd started the engine of his first plane and flew around the harbor—much to the amusement and interest of the natives, who were spell-bound by the vision of a flying boat. The test was a success: it was found that all three planes which he had brought up to the frozen North could carry the full load of food, ammunition, collapsible boat, radio, and other material which must be taken upon a long and hazardous flight across a barren waste of ice. To fall meant ultimate death, or, at least, weeks of suffering.

Now to explore the unknown area of the Polar sea! There was a bad fog for three days, but at length the weather cleared, and Byrd hopped off for the Northwest with a second plane as convoy. Side by side the two planes winged through the air, seeing only desolation beneath—miles upon miles of jagged ice and no place to land. The planes were brought down to within a few feet of the ice-field, but it was apparent that to alight meant wrecking them upon the ice-cakes. On, on they went over Smith Sound, the body of water lying between Greenland and Ellesmere Land, on until finally they were above Cape Sabine, the cold, bleak promontory where Greely and his party, in 1884, waited for relief, while slowly

starving to death. What must have been Byrd's sensations as he saw, far beneath him, the four walls of rock upon which had rested the life-boats, beneath which had crouched the weary men of the Greely expedition. In the center was a flat rock blackened on its top where a small fire had been kept going; outside the walls, on stony ground, were a half-dozen mounds of gravel, the graves of those who could not exist until rescue came.

"I looked down," Byrd has written, "and tried to picture the misery of those dying men. Had they only known how comfortable I was, flying over in my plane, what would their thoughts have been? How time changes events and methods of travel!"

That night the expert aviator returned to his base, determined to make at some spot midway between Etah and the Polar sea, a cache, or spot where provisions could be stored, so that, if his men were forced to land through some mishap, they would not starve to death before relief could come to them. As for the planes, it was seen that they were not equal to driving on to the Pole and back. If a flight was to be attempted across the North Pole, it must be by means of a more powerful plane, with a different motor.

On August 11, all three planes were started upon another flight to find a place for a cache between Etah and the Polar sea. Skimming along in the crisp, clear air, they winged their way across Ellesmere Land to the west side but found no place on that bleak coast for a landing. Again the flight was made back to Etah, and a week of bad weather intervened; but again the persistent explorer started out to find a place suitable for food storage, should they be forced, at any time, to land through the breakage of a plane, or any of its component and important parts.

This time Byrd was successful. At Flagler Fjord he was able to get within fifty feet of the shore, and, after wading through the icy water, and suffering other hardships, sufficient food was stored beneath a shelf of rocks to last several men for at least two months. In addition, the explorers left a stove, camping-outfit, rifles, ammunition, and matches. The planes flew back to Etah to meet with bad weather again; in fact, the Arctic winter was fast approaching. Byrd knew that he must hurry with his work, or his ships would be frozen in. So another flight was made to the western side of the ice-cap and a second cache was made. When he returned to Etah, thin ice was forming

on the fjord; the terrible winter was at hand! Should he delay, his ship would be imprisoned in the fearful grip of the King of the Arctic. Reluctantly his ships were turned toward Labrador, and the first man to pilot a plane successfully through the Arctic air was headed homeward.

On the way south a stop was made at Greenland, while Byrd and Floyd Bennett took one of the planes ashore for a new and epoch-making flight over the Greenland ice-cap. This is the enormous white covering of ice in the interior of that bleak and desolate country, over 1000 miles long and nearly 650 miles wide. Across here Peary had toiled previously over thirty years ago; but now Commander Byrd, in warmth and comfort, winged his way across and back again to his ship, viewing miles upon miles of desolate ice—ice which flows down to the fjords to form glaciers which break into icebergs to harass the Europe-going steamers.

Commander Byrd was back without having discovered new land and without having reached the Polar sea; but he had left provisions on hand, should he come again, and he had proved to men that an airplane was suitable for Arctic work. He had looked down in comfort upon a land which had

tried men's souls, where many of them had died in an attempt to reach the Pole, and where their progress had been painfully slow by dog and sled. In the air he had skimmed, in a few moments, over deep rifts and crevasses which men had never been able to cross on foot.

Jules Verne, a French novelist, wrote a book in which he pictured the North Pole as a Garden of Eden, where the sun shone and flowers nodded; and, as no one had ever been there, his conception of the place was thought possible. Peary finally crawled there by dog-sledge, and found nothing but desolation and a magnetic spot covered with sheet ice.

As a sporting proposition only, Commander Byrd now prepared to fly over that point which thousands of men had wished to reach, and for which hundreds had lost their lives in the searching. In 1926, we find Commander Byrd at Spitzbergen, a large island just north of Europe buried in ice and snow most of the year, but on which is a deposit of coal, which used to be shipped to southern countries. From this place came the first news from the Explorer Nansen, who had abandoned his ship, the *Fram,* and, with a companion, had attempted to reach the North Pole by walking

over the ice. Failing to reach their goal, they turned south and finally stumbled across the ice-packs to Spitzbergen, where they killed walrus and polar bear and spent the entire winter in a little stone house with walrus skins for a roofing against the storm. In the spring they came again into the haunts of men to be proclaimed a brave and hardy pair.

On this trip the Commander had but one plane, called the *Josephine Ford,* donated by one of our wealthiest men, Henry Ford. It was a Fokker monoplane with three engines, and had already flown 20,000 miles. Its body was 42 feet 9 inches in length, and its wing-spread 63 feet 3 inches. Two 100-gallon tanks were placed in the center of the body and two others were in the wings; additional 5-gallon tins could be carried inside the fuselage. It was such a costly ship that Byrd did not have sufficient means to take along another. It was win with this one, or go down into history as another explorer who had failed to reach the Pole.

Commander Byrd, with his party (all volunteers), had sailed from New York on the good ship *Chantier,* April 5, 1926, and had arrived at King's Bay, on the west coast of Spitzbergen, on April 24,

at 4 P.M. The *Josephine Ford* was brought ashore on a raft; snow was patted down for about a mile as a landing-place; and a wooden runway of skiis was installed. As the work was completed, word came that Roald Amundsen, the Danish explorer, with a huge airship, called the *Norge,* was on his way north from Europe, to attempt to fly over the Pole in a dirigible. Commander Byrd saw that it was a race between himself and the Danes as to who would be first over the Pole by air, so he buckled down to "make good" for Uncle Sam.

Two attempts were made to hop off with the *Josephine Ford,* both of which were failures, owing to the fact that the runway had a bump in it which tilted the plane as she took headway for her rise. She was also far too heavy; so she was divested of all food, spare clothing, and other equipment which could safely be left behind. Some one, however, had stored a ukulele aboard, as a souvenir, and this strange musical instrument from Hawaii flew with Byrd and his good pilot, Floyd Bennett, when at length they made a successful hop-off, May 9, 1926.

Up into the blue Arctic air spun Byrd and Bennett amidst a yell from the assembled helpers, the

nose of the airplane pointed due north. Away on the epoch-making flight hummed the *Josephine Ford,* until she was but a tiny, black speck on the horizon, and finally vanished into space.

In less than an hour Commander Byrd was over the Polar sea; below were vast lanes of water, cracks in the ice, huge gullies and ravines. His heart sank within him when he thought that, should his engines go amiss, down to misery, destruction, and certain death would go he and Bennett in the *Josephine Ford,* to leave their bones somewhere in that cold, abysmal waste. It was, in truth, a sporting chance of the greatest magnitude; breakage of a single bit of machinery meant certain death.

Byrd measured his direction by means of his sextant and sun-compass, and by the use of his "drift-indicator" he could tell whether Bennett should steer to the right or the left, in order to offset the effects of the wind which blew steadily against the side of the plane. Alternating occasionally with Floyd Bennett at the controls, Commander Byrd did most of the navigating, flying at an altitude of about 2000 feet. They could see for fifty miles in all directions. All night long, but with the midnight sun always shining, the *Joseph-*

ine Ford hummed northward, until at 9:02 A.M., May 9, 1926, by measurements and computations of his instruments, Byrd knew that he was above the Pole itself.

He looked down. There was nothing but bleak ice—miles upon miles of ice, pressure ridges, large icebergs lodged in the field; no life, no vegetation; no signs of bear, walrus, or penguin.

Now a serious thing happened: one of the engines began to leak! But it still hummed on as the plane was turned with her nose towards Spitzbergen, and Byrd and Bennett bade good-by to the spot which had been the goal of many a stout heart. Another mishap occurred: the sextant fell from its table to the floor and broke its mirror, without which it was useless. But the sky remained clear, and the sun-compass was still on hand. Luck was with the Virginian. Southward over the chill waste, with death at their elbows, steadily flew the two aviators. Seven hours later the gray outlines of Spitzbergen came into view—the greatest sporting feat of the century had been accomplished! Eagerly those left behind had scanned the distant horizon and counted the hours; and when the drone of the motor of the *Josephine Ford* sounded above the Arctic silence, a great

cheer welled into the clear air. Men danced about and hugged one another. The Goddess of Luck had guided the intrepid aviators—Byrd and Bennett!

Welcomed to London by the King, himself, and to his own country by parades and vast crowds, Byrd now determined to fly the Atlantic in a single hop. If Commander Reed could do it, so could he; and to this effort he now bent every attention. In the spring of 1927 Commander Byrd, backed by Rodman Wanamaker, commissioned Anthony Fokker, the famous airplane-designer, to assemble a huge three-engined plane at his factory near Hasbrouck Heights, New Jersey. With a wing-spread of 70 feet, it would carry 3000 more pounds than the *Josephine Ford,* and was so fashioned that a radio set could be installed. Communication via radio could be held with each side of the Atlantic during the proposed hop—something which could not have been done with the Arctic expedition, for had Byrd's engines refused to function upon that epochal trip, no one could have possibly known with any exactness where the two aviators had dropped to earth, although a small radio set was aboard.

Trouble was in store for the brave aviator, but he had surmounted trouble before and would doubt-

less do so again. On April 20, 1927, Byrd's plane was ready for her factory test, which was to be shared by Fokker, Byrd, Lieutenant Noville and Floyd Bennett. The great plane seemed to mount into the air with ease, and the crowd which had gathered to witness the flight cheered encouragingly; but when the plane attempted to make a landing, Fokker discovered that it was nose-heavy. Twice he attempted to bring her safely to earth with Byrd and Noville clambering aft in order to keep her tail down; but each time he had to sheer off again for another attempt. Finally, he brought her to a landing only to have her dig her nose into the ground and turn completely over on her back, with her crew scampering and jumping to safety. Fokker was unhurt, Bennett had a leg broken and his skull fractured, Noville sustained internal injuries, while Commander Byrd had his left arm smashed and his body badly bruised.

By this misfortune, Dick Byrd was now out of the race to see who would be the first to fly across the "pond" in a non-stop flight, a race which was soon to be won (May 20, 1927) by an unknown youth named "Slim" Lindbergh. The young mail-pilot arrived at the flying field with his Bellanca plane, while Byrd was endeavoring to get the

America rebuilt for service with a nose of the proper weight. Commander Byrd gave Lindbergh ample opportunity to use the field and runway. He also coached him in his trial spins, and gave hearty assistance to "Lindy's" flight.

The *America* was rebuilt and refitted. Her trial spins showed that she could now land properly, as well as get under weigh. So, on June 29, 1927, it was reported that Commander Byrd and crew, Lieutenant Noville, Bert Acosta, and Bernt Balchen, would again try to make a non-stop flight to the coast of France, following the indomitable "Slim" Lindbergh, who, with remarkable pluck and foresight, had already blazed the trail. The usual crowd collected for the get-away: the heavy plane ran the entire length of Roosevelt Field before she began to rise slowly from the ground; finally she began to gain altitude, and up in the air she spun to a height of 400 feet, where, headed for Nova Scotia, she breezed along, dodging great banks of clouds.

As the aviators neared the coast of Nova Scotia, the fog, which had obscured the landscape beneath them, broke asunder, and far, far below appeared the spires of Halifax. The wings of the plane were etched in dark shadows upon white, fleecy clouds,

while around was a rainbow—a good omen, indeed, for success. Every now and again, as Commander Byrd sighted the ground with the wind-drift indicator, a white object shot down, glistening brightly in the sun's rays. It was a five-gallon gasoline can, which Noville had thrown overboard after emptying it into the huge tank. On they went towards Newfoundland, land of the fog and the mist.

As the *America* swung over the fishing-grounds of the Gloucester fleet, a dense fog covered all sight of land. The plane was driven higher, in order to get above the fog; finally it was over a mile high, and drenched in mist, the water dripping from all parts of it and ice clinging to the wings. Darkness was now upon the aviators, but through the clouds hummed the plane. By means of their radio, the aviators were in touch with several ships. The steamship *Paris* gave them their bearings, and they realized that the wind had driven them so far south that it would be impossible for them to reach the coast of Ireland. They decided to steer for France, instead, assisted by the breeze which propelled them a full thirty miles an hour. As day dawned, the fog and mist banks seemed to part, showing the tossing Atlantic be-

neath them. At last the *America* passed over Brest and the aviators set, as they believed, a course for Paris.

Noville at the radio called the French capital and was informed that a heavy fog hung over the city and that it would probably be impossible to land at Le Bourget Field. What was Commander Byrd to do? Black, inky clouds now came crowding around them; darkness began to descend, and with it came ominous and rainy weather. "We probably could have flown on to Rome," Byrd has written, "and thus set the world afire with the long distance record, but that would not have been 'carrying the message to Garcia.'" The *America* was tossed about in the blackness, and the occupants could not see their hands before their faces. It was so dark, that each time the flash-light was put on, it temporarily blinded the aviators, so that they could but dimly see the luminous instruments aboard. And the compass would not work! By dead reckoning they should have been at Paris, but they could see nothing in the inky blackness. It was proved later that Byrd flew over Paris in the darkness. One expert has said that had Byrd attempted to land at Le Bourget Field he would surely have killed many persons. At any rate, he

was surrounded by darkness and fog, his compass was not functioning, he was flying by dead reckoning. Then suddenly he saw the gleam of a coastal lighthouse beneath him. It occurred to him that he was flying in a circle. As fuel was nearly gone, what should he do?

A flier, at night, must be very near to the surface lights in order to "level off" properly and make a safe landing, and the Commander feared that in this dark fog he might turn the plane over and kill his three companions, should he attempt a landing at Le Bourget Field. Byrd had to make an immediate decision, and he made it as follows: The *America* should be landed in the water near the coast-line, yet near enough to the shore to permit wading in and escape. By dropping flares Byrd was now able to mark a small space in the ocean towards which he now headed the plane. Around and around he swooped and then downward towards the beach. As the landing-gear struck the water, it was cut off as if by a knife, and with a roar—a groan, almost human—and a terrific crash, the good ship *America* came to a landing off the beach at Ver-sur-Mer, precipitating the three helpers and the stout-hearted Commander into the surging Atlantic.

The great attempt to duplicate the feat of "Slim" Lindbergh had ended inauspiciously, for fog and mist had made it impossible to fly straight on to Paris and Lindbergh's luck was not with the four members of the *America's* crew. In spite of the chill waves, they salvaged the mail and important papers from the plane, struggled ashore, and were soon surrounded by an enthusiastic mob of peasants. The falling tide soon left the *America* high and dry, so all belongings were removed to the village. Motor cars carried the four aeronauts to Paris, where they were greeted with wild scenes of joy, the entire city apparently having turned out to welcome the brave men. Several times the crowd, surging against the Commander's automobile, nearly upset it, and some boisterous Frenchmen did break the glass. From the greatest statesman down to the humblest citizen, the aviators were showered with warm expressions of admiration and friendship. The Commander has said: "There can be no doubt of the deep friendship between France and the people of our country I vowed at the time, to bring this fact home, and since my return I have spoken of it publicly in more than half a hundred leading cities in the United States. The response which my word has

received has convinced me that France's friendship is fully reciprocated."

Since this epochal flight, other aviators have gone across the Atlantic in a single flight—two of them winging from Old Orchard Beach, Maine, to Rome, Italy. Therefore, the feat of the *America* does not stand out with the brilliance which at one time illuminated it. But Byrd, anxious to bring to man more accurate, scientific knowledge of the earth's surface, has made the South Polar region his goal, and his expedition to the bleakest, wildest, coldest, and most dangerous portion of the earth's exterior, is in every way a suitable climax to the life of a brave adventurer. The huge ice-sheathed plateau, which covers the land surrounding the South Pole, was discovered by an American naval officer, Captain James Wilkes, on January 16, 1840, and it is therefore quite fitting that another American naval officer should attempt to explore it from the air.

From about the same point, in the year 1911, Roald Amundsen, the Danish explorer, and Lieutenant Robert Falcon Scott, Naval Assistant to the First Lord of the British Admiralty, set forth with sledge parties to plant the flags of their respective countries upon the southernmost point of

the globe. Amundsen used dogs, had good weather, and reached the Pole on December 15, 1911, leaving a flag and tent to mark his feat. Scott's party tried to use ponies, all of which died, but the weary men struggled onward, dragging the sledges by hand, and reached the Pole, January 18, 1912, only to find that Amundsen had beaten the British flag to the goal. On the way home all five of the English party perished—due to lack of experience in Polar work and knowledge of the use of dogs and dog sledges. Amundsen came off victorious, only to lose his life when searching in the frozen North for lost aviators from an Italian airship commanded by Nobile.

Rear Admiral Byrd sailed, October 10, 1928, on the steamer *C. A. Larsen,* from Los Angeles, California, to make a permanent base at Little America, Antarctica, for his party of helpers, and for his supplies of gasoline and other materials necessary for an attempt to fly over the South Pole by motor. Successfully landing on the Ross Barrier in the Bay of Whales, with the Rockefeller Mountains just beyond, he tried out his planes. From this base he successfully flew to the South Pole and back, November 28-29, 1929. With him were three companions: Harold June, Bernt Balchen, and

Captain Ashley McKinley. They left their destination at 10:29 P.M., November 28, and, after refueling at Depot Number 8 on their return from the Pole, reached Little America at 5:10 P.M. (New York Time), November 29. The flight was approximately 1600 miles, the Pole being reached at 8:55 A.M., November 29. Byrd's success came through use, to the fullest extent, of new inventions and discoveries in aerial science. He was thus able to effect in nineteen hours what his much enduring predecessors accomplished in efforts extending over weeks and even months.

It has been truthfully written that "the flight to the South Pole and back was one of the most amazing feats in the history of aviation." The *Floyd Bennett,* a big tri-motored, cabin monoplane, built by Edsel Ford, took off with a total weight of 15,000 pounds, which included Captain McKinley's surveying camera and three months' food supply, or 600 pounds, which reduced the ability of the plane to mount upwards by 1000 feet. About 304 miles due south of Little America, a trail-party, under Lawrence Gould, was sighted, and to them messages and photographs were dropped, the latter so marked that the overland party might find supplies at the mountain-base depot.

A large mountain now lay in the path of the history-making aviators, and, after tremendous efforts to gain elevation, they crossed the summit, but only after two 125-pound bags of concentrated food had been thrown overboard, and many tins of gasoline had been emptied into the tanks and their containers heaved into space. McKinley, meanwhile, took many photographs of the strange, bleak landscape.

After crossing over the crest of the mountain range, they had a clear passage to the Pole, over a plateau which ranged from 7,000 to 11,000 feet high. West of this could be seen a new range of mountains. When his dead reckoning and observations combined to confirm the fact that he was directly (or nearly so) over the South Pole, Byrd sent a radio-message to Little America, as follows: "My calculations indicate that we have reached the vicinity of the South Pole."

Bernt Balchen then turned the nose of the plane to the right, flew at right angles to Grosvenor Trail for some six miles, and then turned left, flying parallel to the trail for an equal distance. Next, he circled around until he struck the extension of the Grosvenor Trail, along which he flew until he reached the point where the original right

turn had been made. Here all hands stood and saluted, in tribute to the memory of Floyd Bennett, who had accompanied Commander Byrd to the North Pole, and would have gone upon this expedition had he not died from exposure during a later and less hazardous flight. A few moments afterwards, a trap-door in the bottom of the fuselage was opened and through it was dropped a silk American flag, weighted with a stone carried from the grave of the beloved Floyd Bennett. Then followed a British flag, in memory of Captain Robert F. Scott; a Norwegian flag in memory of Captain Roald Amundsen, and a French flag, as a tribute to those who had so kindly assisted the Rear Admiral at the end of his disastrous trans-Atlantic flight.

The plane was now turned towards Little America, a different route being selected, in order to permit Captain McKinley to take other photographs from those already obtained. The course led to the Axel Heiberg Glacier, surrounded by high mountains, which were successfully traversed; the plane landing at Depot No. 8, where gas and food were deposited for Lawrence Gould's party, sent out for geological study. After an hour spent in stowing away these materials, the plane

again took to the air, landing at its home-base, Little America, at 10:10 A.M., or exactly eighteen hours and fifty-nine minutes after departure for the Pole.

When one thinks of the deaths of many Polar explorers because of their inadequate equipment, and then realizes what investigation and careful thought were behind Byrd's adventure, one is impressed with the fact that such preparation is necessary to success. No expedition ever reached the Polar regions, either North or South, so completely equipped as this one. It had fifty-five men, seventy-five dogs, and three airplanes. Two Esquimaux were in the party and four radio-transmitters. Four ships carried the equipment to New Zealand.

On June 19, 1930, Commander Byrd and his party landed at New York City, where a triumphant procession was held up the main thoroughfare. Governor Pollard of Virginia was among the welcoming committee-men, and, when, on June 21, the noted aviator visited the Capitol of his native state, he was presented with a sword by the Chief Executive of the Old Dominion.

Reaching Washington, D. C., on June 20, he was here greeted by President Hoover and was the

recipient of a special medal, given him by the National Geographic Society. On June 22, his boyhood town of Winchester held a parade in his honor, and, after ceremonies which were distinctly religious, and designed to be a simple and dignified expression of thanksgiving for the safe return to the city of his family from perilous adventures in the Antarctic, the brave and courageous explorer was presented with a large silver bowl, in the name of the city council and in behalf of the people in this beautiful hamlet of the Shenandoah Valley.

The world is ringing with acclaim for this feat. Colonel Charles Lindbergh sent a radio-message as soon as Byrd could be reached:

"Hearty congratulations to you and your companions on the great achievement due to your splendid organization. I am certainly delighted, for it was a great flight and a wonderful accomplishment, due to a masterful leader."

The *Times-Dispatch* of Richmond, Virginia, stated editorially:

"Once again has the genius, the courage, and the determination of Byrd triumphed over terrific odds. Once again is Virginia stirred with pride in a son whose name will rank with the very greatest men whom the Old Dominion has produced."

(From the Associated Press Washington *Post*)

REAR ADMIRAL RICHARD EVELYN BYRD

1912 Graduated from United States Naval Academy.

1914 Retired with rank of Lieutenant-Commander because of ankle and leg broken in football games and in gymnasium.

1918 Reinstated in the United States Naval Service at Pensacola, Florida, as an aviator at the beginning of the World War.

1918-19 Built an airplane base at Halifax, Nova Scotia.

1919 Navigator of the NC-3, U. S. Navy airship, which, with the NC-1 and NC-4, flew to Newfoundland and the Azores, only one plane reaching its destination and keeping on to the coast of Portugal, and Commander Reed being the first man to ever fly across the Atlantic ocean. Byrd went as far as Newfoundland.

1921 Sent by the United States as a passenger in the Dirigible ZR-2, built by England for

the United States Navy, and miraculously escaped the destruction caused by the explosion and burning of that airship when over the river Humber.

1925 Sailed from New York to Etah, Greenland, where he made explorations with three planes above the North Polar sea and flew with Floyd Bennett over Greenland.

1926 Sailed for King's Bay, Spitzbergen, with one plane, the *Josephine Ford,* and, on May 8 and 9, flew with Floyd Bennett over the North Pole and back again to his base. Pole reached at 9:02 A.M., May 9, 1926.

1926 Made a Commander on the Retired List, U.S.N.

1927 Made a factory test of the Fokker *America* and had his arm broken in the landing of this newly-built plane at Roosevelt Field, Long Island.

Assisted "Slim" Lindbergh in preparing for his non-stop flight to Paris, and was beaten to the honor of being in the first plane to make a non-stop flight to Europe by Colonel Lindbergh and by Clarence Chamberlain and Charles A. Levine, who flew from Long Island to Germany.

1927 Flew across the Atlantic to the coast of France with Lieutenant Noville, Bert Acosta and Bernt Balchen. Owing to dense fog he could not alight at Le Bourget Flying Field near Paris, and was forced down near a lighthouse on the seacoast near Ver-sur-Mer.

1928 Engaged in an expedition to the South Polar region for exploration and scientific discovery. Sailed October 10, 1928, on Steamer *C. A. Larsen* from Los Angeles, California.

Recipient of Congressional Medal of Honor, the Hubbard Medal of the National Geographical Society; also received the Distinguished Flying Cross and Medal for saving a drowning man. Has degrees from several universities and is an honorary member of more than forty societies and clubs.

Inventor of the "bubble sextant," enabling fliers to observe an artificial horizon without taking into consideration the curvature of the earth; also the "draft indicator," the purpose of which is to show the direction of the wind and its velocity.

1929 Flew over the South Pole and back to his base at Little America, Antarctica. With him were Captain Ashley McKinley, Bernt Balchen, and Harold June. South Pole reached at 8:55 A.M., November 29.

1933-May, 1935 Made second expedition to South Pole. On both expeditions he made important discoveries, among them being Edsel Ford Mountains and Marie Byrd Land; spent five months of winter night alone at scientific work in shadow of South Pole.

1939 He was made commander of the United States Antarctic Service, an expedition sent to the Antarctic by the Government, made four noteworthy flights resulting in discovery of five new mountain ranges, five islands, more than 100,000 square miles of area, a large peninsula, and 700 miles of hitherto unknown stretches of antarctic coast.

1942-43 In the United States Navy, in charge of naval air fields in the United States.

GLENNA COLLETT:
CHAMPION WOMAN GOLFER

Henry Miller

GLENNA COLLETT

CHAPTER IV

GLENNA COLLETT: CHAMPION WOMAN GOLFER

Little drops of water,
Little sandy lies,
Make the mightiest player
Lose the pleasant prize.

On October 5, 1929, Glenna Collett for the fourth time won the Women's National Championship of the United States, thus achieving a fame which had never before come to one of her sex who had struggled in the golfing lists. When the news flashed over the wire, a murmur of appreciation went up from all lovers of the ancient and honorable game. *"Who is she?"* was heard on every hand, for, although frequently mentioned in the sporting news, few had really any conception of the years of constant practice which had been necessary to bring Miss Glenna Collett to the point of establishing a mighty record.

As a matter of fact the champion had fairly grown up on the links, for, at the age of fourteen she had learned how to play the game at the Rhode

Island Country Club, Providence, Rhode Island, where the professional in charge had tutored her in the rudiments of the interesting sport. She had excellent teaching both here and at other country clubs near her home at Providence, and often the members of the Metacomet Club, of the Apawamis, the Wannemoisett and the Shenecossett at New London, Connecticut, had seen a small, weedy girl, with a pinched face and scrawny legs, following around the professional instructors, and earnestly belaboring a truant "driver." "She was most determined to succeed," says the instructor at the Shenecossett, "and simply stuck at it like a hound on a hot scent. Nothing could keep her from continuous practice."

"When Glenna was a tiny girl," her mother has said of her, "she always took part in the ball games of the boys, for her brother Ned was captain of a nine. When she reached the age of fourteen, however, her father took her over to the Country Club and endeavored to make a tennis player of her, but she didn't seem to care for the game. So, she turned to golf, and, from the very first was a 'World Beater.' It was two years before she broke 100."

Miss Collett, herself, has stated that, next to

playing golf, she prefers the great national game of baseball, and that she likes the position of centerfield. At the age of four she could swim and dive, and at ten she could drive an automobile. At sixteen she could defeat all comers of her sex at the Rhode Island Country Club, and at fifteen, she entered the Ladies' Tournament at Rye, New York, finishing Number 22 in the list of entrants for the Women's Eastern Championship. Her nerve and self-confidence were unbounded, for she had the audacity to enter the Women's National Championship. She finished Number 9, and this in a field which had such well-known golfers as Miss Margaret Curtis and Mrs. Alexa Stirling Fraser! Mrs. Gavin won the championship of the East in 1918, and three years later she was to meet this weedy, lanky girl from Providence in the finals of the Berthellyn Cup over the Huntington Valley, Pennsylvania, course. In three years' time the plucky little lass from Rhode Island had certainly risen to a high altitude.

"When Glenna at fifteen years of age qualified at the Shawnee course for the Women's National Championship of the United States in 1918, and made it in 93; then finished against all the 'cracks' in eighth place," says her mother, "we certainly

felt proud of her. She had the determination to succeed, you see, and she really worked hard to become a 'top-notcher.' "

In 1919, at the age of sixteen, Miss Collett won her first tournament, becoming Women's Champion at the Shenecossett Club, Providence, Rhode Island. This was her first silver cup, but what a string of them now gleam on the mantelpiece of her home! Two years later, when she was eighteen years old, she annexed another championship—that of the State of Massachusetts. She also won in the same year the championship of her own state, and qualified in the Women's National, held that season at Cleveland, Ohio, although she was eliminated in round one by that most excellent golfer, Miss Elaine Rosenthal.

In the meantime she was working hard at her game, perfecting it under the skilled eye of the professional, Alexander Smith, who instructed at New London, Connecticut, during the summer months and gradually traveled southward, when the chill of autumn tinted the leaves, to the warm sunshine of Belleair, Florida. Towards the southland Glenna began also to turn in winter, and thus she became an all-the-year golfer, gradually working her way northward with the coming of

spring. She always rested in Pinehurst, North Carolina, where the North and South Tournament for women is held annually.

Miss Collett, you see, was having plenty of practice, under excellent instructors, but then, too, she was better than the average player. She had the will to succeed, and took the game seriously. By 1922, having developed from a weedy, pinched-faced little girl, into a strong-muscled young athlete she now, for the first time, burst into the limelight as a champion.

The Women's National Championship, this year, was held among the undulating mountains of beautiful West Virginia. At the greens of the magnificent hotel at White Sulphur Springs, the best talent among women which America and England could produce struggled in the lists for the coveted title of Women's Champion. In the finals Mrs. W. A. Gavin of Huntercombe, England, met the aspiring Miss Glenna Collett of Providence, Rhode Island, the latter winning by a 5 and 4. The new-crowned Queen of the Links was now but nineteen years of age—quite the youngest champion who had yet appeared—but she continued that year to win, becoming Women's Eastern Champion, Champion of Belleair, Florida, and winner of the North

and South (Women's) Championship of Pinehurst, North Carolina.

By the fall of 1921 Miss Collett had begun to attract considerable attention, for she had defeated Miss Cecil Leitch (the Champion of England) at the Huntington Valley Club, New York. Also, as stated, she had won two other championships. But in 1923 and 1924—when much was expected of her—she had two lean seasons. In the former year, she was eliminated in round three of the Women's National by Mrs. Vanderbeck, and, although she won the Eastern, the Canadian Open, and the Palm Beach Tournaments, she lost the Championship of Florida to Mrs. Caleb F. Fox. In 1924, Mrs. D. C. Hurd won top honors in the Women's National, Miss Collett lasting until the semi-final round, but again the girl from Providence won the Eastern Championship, the Championship of the Shenecossett Club, and the Mountain Lake (Florida) Tournament.

The season of 1925 found the now expert golfer at the top again. She was twenty-two years of age, when an athlete is at the peak of strength and agility, and was playing her best game. At the St. Louis Country Club, Missouri, the girl from Rhode Island forged to the van in the Women's

National Championship, winning for the second time the first position, with Mrs. Alexa Stirling Fraser, of Ottawa, Canada, as "runner-up." She also established for the course a new women's record of 75.

This was a good golfing year for the champion. She also won the Women's Championship of Palm Beach, Florida, and, sailing to France, captured the French Ladies' Open Championship in a field of French, German, and English contenders.

In 1926 and 1927, she entered the Women's National Championship, full of confidence and hope, only to meet with severe defeats. Mrs. G. Henry Stetson of Philadelphia was champion in the first of these years, with Mrs. Wright D. Goss as "runner-up"; Mrs. M. B. Horn of Kansas City, Missouri, won in 1927, with Miss Maureen Orcutt of White Beeches, as the second best. In this latter year Miss Collett sailed to the Bahama Islands, to play in the warm sunshine of the semi-tropics, and easily captured the Ladies' Championship of these beautiful British possessions.

Returning to her own country, she again had a banner season, capturing in 1928 for the third time the Championship of the United States among her own sex, at the Cascades Course, Hot Springs, Vir-

ginia. Miss Virginia Van Wie of Chicago was "runner-up," with a defeat of 13 and 12; but, later on, at Pinehurst, North Carolina, she turned the tables on the girl from Providence, defeating her for the Mid-South Women's Championship.

Miss Collett sailed for England this year, entering the British Women's Open Championship at Hunstanton, but was eliminated in round four by Miss Wragg. And, although she won the Buffalo, New York, Country Club's Invitation Tournament, she lost the North and South Women's at Pinehurst. In other contests she was fairly successful, and, when the year 1929 rolled around, she stepped upon the links a thoroughly experienced golfer. She had been tried in many a tournament, tanned by the sun, pelted often by the rain, tossed by the winds of both the North and the South, and tested on the greens of both England and France. She was now twenty-six—an athlete by inheritance (for her father had been a champion bicyclist and sprinter), her body well-trained, well-muscled, and thoroughly tempered to tournament play. Small wonder that she accomplished a feat which no other woman golfer had before attained, although many had tried.

The Women's National Championship of the

United States was held this season at the course of the Oakland Hills Country Club, near Detroit, Michigan, and there were the usual number of hardy golf aspirants after top honors entered in the tournament. Miss Collett was favorite. From the first it was seen that years of constant practice and tournament play had made her game more perfect than that of many of her rivals. Then, too, from long experience, she never became "rattled" or over-nervous at bad shots. She was now a well-seasoned veteran of the green turf.

The tournament was held in the beautiful month of October, when the russet leaves, turned red and golden by the first chill of autumn, were falling to the ground and occasionally interfering with a good "lie." For several days the elimination of aspirants went on apace. But on October 5, when the ticker flashed that Miss Glenna Collett had for the fourth time captured the Championship, all lovers of the game were delighted to see such a good sport attain her well-merited honors. Four other women have won the Championship three times: Miss Beatrix Hoyt, Miss Margaret Curtis, Mrs. Dorothy Campbell Hurd, and Mrs. Alexa Stirling Fraser, but none four times. *Hats off to the Queen of the Links!*

"Of course I am delighted that I did it," Miss Collett has said, "but what I really want is to be considered the equal of a man as a golfer. . . . The greatest weakness of a woman golfer, besides her lack of physical strength, is that she has a tendency to be erratic. Men are really not so constituted and they glory in this fact. I have frequently scored a 36 or a 35 on one nine, of an 18-hole match, and 45 on another. It is not at all unusual to see 2's and 3's shoulder to shoulder with 7's and 8's on a woman's card.

"Men are far more consistent as golfers, and that is why a woman player prefers 6 *bisques** to a stroke every other hole in an 18-hole match with her male rivals. She can use the *bisques* on the shorter holes where her play is up to the best masculine standard, and when she has an erratic period, she saves the *bisques* for the time when her nerves have quit fluttering.

"Women are improving their golf game much more rapidly than men. The present ten-stroke difference in men and women's par must be revised downwards, else we may be barred from more courses where masterful males feel uncomfortable

* A *bisque* is a handicap with a stipulated number of strokes to be taken at the option of the recipient.

in the presence of females who break 80 now and then. Men have reached the point of diminishing returns where women still have room for improvement. But, where the margin of difference can be narrowed, the gap will never be bridged until golf breeds an Ederle, with her physique, her deadly seriousness, and her superlative confidence.

"There are 5000 golf courses in these United States. Give a professional to half of them and a few assistants, and you have a group of 3000 men who think golf and play golf for twelve months in the year. They put their best efforts into making their game approach perfection. They have ample opportunity in tournament play to try out their skill. No mention do I make of amateurs.

"Now, I ask you—could an army of 3000 women be found who are taking a like opportunity? The obvious answer is—NO! There seems to be little likelihood of women ever giving much serious attention to golf as a means of livelihood. The broom and the mixing-spoon are much more likely to hold their attention yet awhile.

"Second, I ask you to talk to those who lay out the golf courses—Deveraux Emmett, Donald Ross, Wayne Styles—I wonder if these builders would not admit that the courses are laid out for males

and not for females. Many holes conform to the idea that the rubber-covered ball can be shot for nearly a mile. Plenty of thought and brains are given to making the one-shot and the two-shot hole, but even these are too long for a woman. Taking it for granted that a goodly percentage of the holes can be made as low by a woman, as a man, isn't it possible that a premium is put on length, rather than average distance plus skill?

"Third: When the great, wide prairies of the Middle West boasted no golf courses, and when the present ones in the South were swamps, Merrie England had her Kilcadys, Willie Parks, Sandy Hurds, her Vardons, Rays, and Hiltons, far in advance of American progress. Yet, today, the golfers of this land have already caught up with their erstwhile betters, and, as their peers, they contest comfortably for the Walker Cup, and have been successful in lifting other crowns from the British Lion.

"We see what Time has done. Would it therefore not seem possible that Father Time would see bettering effects in the woman's game? Woman's game is only in its ascendency. Its ebb tide has not even heaved in sight, and, after the high tide there cometh the ebb.

"Women are making improvements in every line of athletics. The progress in woman's rise in athletics has kept pace with her curtailment of habiliments. Examples are the one-piece bathing suit, the sleeveless tennis costume, the boyish golfing attire. The more comfortable women's clothes have become, the more marked the improvement in sport.

"We women cut off our hair to keep the flying ringlets from floating into our eyes while we putt. We train our muscles to obey the brain's behest. But (as the superior male does), to make our bodies as hard as nails by muscular training, or to get our heads to that state of baldness which is necessary to achieve greatness in golf—that, indeed, is far beyond our desires.

"The Rubicon that separates the game of the sexes is yet to be crossed. When women forsake the domestic virtues and think of nothing but winning every prize at golf—then it will be time to worry. Meanwhile, let us await developments with interest and enthusiasm."

Miss Collett cites these axioms for the woman golfer:

I. Keep your nerve. Have confidence in yourself.

II. Don't watch your opponent, or pay attention to your partner.

III. Plan your next shot carefully before you make it.

The young champion has great confidence in her sex's ability in sports, and especially golf. She says, "Women have gone forward athletically since 1895, when the very first Women's Championship was played on the grounds of the Meadowbrook Golf Club, Reading, Massachusetts. Mrs. C. S. Brown won with the amazing score of 132 for 18 holes. There were then but few women golfers in the land, and only thirteen entered this tournament. In 1926, at Philadelphia, and on a rain-soaked course, twelve of the thirty-two women entered in the Championship, qualified with a score under 90, and all who scored 93 failed to qualify.

"On the Meadowbrook course, where Mrs. Brown won with a 132, few men could consistently break 100. There is a difference of ten strokes between women's and men's 'par.' Women's lack of physical strength makes them play a game with greater scores than the men. But, if a golfing Amazon should appear who can consistently drive for 250 yards, there is reason to believe that she could win from the men."

Glenna Collett is a fine golfer—a cool, determined fighter whose unusual power from the tee gives her a winning advantage in many a match. During the Eastern Championship at Brae Burn she had a 76—in weather conditions quite unfavorable at the time—and a "Bobby" Jones, or a Walter Hagen could not have done better.

In the six out of nine National Championships which she has entered, she was a finalist. She holds the medal score for the National—her 77 in 1925. She was also medallist in 1923 and 1924. She has the proper golfing temperament of never being flustered or hurried. She is the hardest of hitters with fine power in her swing, and, in addition, she uses an unusual amount of pivot.

Within the past six years she has gained:

4 National Championships.
4 Eastern Championships.
2 North and South Championships.
2 Canadian Championships.
1 French Championship.

In comparing her and her record with that of other shining examples in women's golf—Miss Wethered, Mrs. Alexa Stirling Fraser, and Mrs. Dorothy Campbell Hurd, we are inclined to think

her better than the other three. Miss Wethered won the British title three years out of four; Mrs. Alexa Stirling Fraser was Women's Champion in 1916, 1919 and in 1920, and was "runner-up" in 1921 and 1923; Mrs. Dorothy Campbell Hurd won the Women's Championship in 1909, 1910, and again in 1924, and was "runner-up" in 1920.

Miss Collett has learned to play careful golf. Her caution is especially noticeable. She now gets set before she attempts any putts, with the result that she putts better than ever before.

A fine example of American athlete, Miss Collett has developed from a wholesome schoolgirl, with frank, gray eyes and shy manner, into a young woman of remarkable charm and personality. Her fresh complexion, free of rouge and lipstick, and her smart clothes are distinctive of her appearance. A typically feminine person, Glenna has a talent for selecting clever costumes and wearing them with an air.

In accordance with the true sporting temperament, she has her idiosyncrasies. For instance, she refuses to change costumes during a tournament if she is winning, lest she also change her luck. Her old gray hat is almost as famous as Helen Wills Moody's red sweater. Unspoiled by success,

Miss Collett is refreshingly natural and is as calm on the links as at the bridge table. She possesses that rarity, golf temperament—tense in mind, relaxed in body.

Glenna Collett: Champion Woman Golfer

1918 (Aged 15). Entered tournament at Rye, New York, and finished No. 22 in Women's National Championship.

1919 Won the Women's Championship at Shenecossett Club, New London, Connecticut.

1920 Won Women's Championship at Shenecossett Club. Also qualified with a 93 in Women's National Tournament at Mayfield Country Club, Cleveland, Ohio. Put out in round 1 by Miss Elaine Rosenthal.

1921 Entered Women's National Championship at Hollywood Country Club, Deal, New Jersey, and was eliminated in round 1 by Miss Cecil Leitch.

1922 Won Women's National Championship at White Sulphur Springs, West Virginia, defeating Mrs. W. A. Gavin of Huntercombe, England, 5 and 4.

Won North and South Women's Championship at Pinehurst, North Carolina.

Won Eastern Women's Championship.
Won Women's Championship at Belleair, Florida.

1923 Won Women's Eastern Championship.
Lost Women's National Championship, being eliminated in round 3 by Mrs. Vanderbeck.
Won Canadian Women's Open Championship, defeating Mrs. W. A. Gavin.
Won Buffalo, New York (Open).
Won North and South Championship.
Won Palm Beach, Florida, Women's Championship.
Lost Championship of Florida at Belleair to Mrs. Caleb F. Fox.

1924 Won Women's Eastern Championship.
Lost Women's National Championship, being eliminated in semi-final round.
Won Women's Championship at Shenecossett Club, New London, Connecticut.
Won Mountain Lake, Florida, Women's Tournament.
Won North and South, North Carolina, Tournament.

1925 Won Women's National Championship at St. Louis Country Club, Missouri, estab-

lishing a new women's record for the course of 75.

Won Women's Championship of Palm Beach, Florida.

Lost Belleair, Florida, Championship to Miss Frances Hadfield.

Won French Ladies' Open Championship.

1926 Won Shenecossett Women's Tournament, New London, Connecticut.

Won Adirondacks Women's Championship.

Won Berthellyn Cup over Huntington Valley, Pennsylvania, course, defeating Miss Virginia Wilson.

Was defeated at Pinehurst, North Carolina, for North and South Women's Championship.

Lost Florida East Coast Championship to Miss Virginia Van Wie.

Lost Women's National Championship.

1927 Won Women's Eastern Championship for the fourth time.

Put out of Women's National in round 3.

Won Wolf Hollow Country Club, Pennsylvania, Women's Tournament.

Won Championship of the Bahama Islands.

Won North and South Championship.

1928 Won Women's National Championship for the third time at Cascades Course, Hot Springs, West Virginia, defeating Miss Virginia Van Wie of Chicago, 13 and 12.

Won Buffalo, New York, Country Club's Women's Invitation Tournament.

Lost North and South Championship at Pinehurst, North Carolina.

Won Florida East Coast Tournament.

Won Pan-American Tournament at Biloxi, Mississippi.

Lost Mid-South Women's Tournament at Pinehurst, North Carolina.

Entered British Women's Championship at Hunstanton, England, and was eliminated in round 4 by Miss Wragg.

1929 Lost Canadian Women's Championship. Won Women's American National Golf Championship for the fourth time at the Oakland Hills Country Club, Detroit, Mich., by defeating Mrs. Leona Pressler 4 and 3. No other woman golfer has ever accomplished the feat of four wins.

Other women who have won three titles as National Women's (United States) Champion, are:

Miss Beatrix Hoyt, 1896, 1897 and 1898.

Miss Margaret Curtis, 1907, 1911 and 1918.

Mrs. Dorothy Campbell Hurd, 1909, 1910 and 1924.

Mrs. Alexa Stirling Fraser, 1916, 1919 and 1920.

On June 24, 1931, Glenna Collett married Edwin H. Vare, Jr. She has two children—Glenna Collett born June 20, 1933, and Edwin Collett born July 15, 1934.

Having won the United States women's golf championship five times as Glenna Collett, she won it again as Mrs. Vare at Interlachen Country Club, Hopkins, Minnesota, in 1935, when she beat Patty Berg in the final. Since then she has lost in the first round of match play in 1938 and 1939, and in the third round in 1937 and 1941. She plays mostly in the vicinity of Philadelphia. Her home is in Merion, Pennsylvania.

AMELIA EARHART: FIRST WOMAN TO FLY ACROSS THE ATLANTIC

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AMELIA EARHART

CHAPTER V

AMELIA EARHART: FIRST WOMAN TO FLY ACROSS THE ATLANTIC

There was a woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth,
There was manhood's brow serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth.

When, in the year 986 A.D., a tiny Viking ship skirted the shore of Nova Scotia, the tiller held by Bjarni Herjulfson, the first white man—as far as we know—ever to reach the continent of North America, there were few to welcome him when he landed upon the shore of Greenland at the Norse settlement of Bratthalid. Nor was there any hue and cry about his story of a vast, wooded land, which he had discovered lying far to the westward. How different in our own day!

As a tiny plane, named the *Friendship*, and fashioned so that it could float upon the surface of the water, left the harbor of Trepassey, Newfoundland, June 17, 1928, carrying but 700 gallons of gasoline and manned by two men and one girl,

the whole world was informed by radio, telegraph, and newspaper that a daring attempt was to be made by the trio to reach the shore of Ireland in a single non-stop flight. People shrugged their shoulders at the moment and shook their heads. It meant one more sea disaster, said they—one more lost flying-ship with never a word as to the whereabouts of the adventurous souls aboard. "Just another fool attempt to span the treacherous Atlantic with Death the winner," whispered the over-worked, nerve-harried newspaper fraternity.

The men in the plane were Wilmer Stultz (since killed in an airplane disaster) and Louis E. ("Slim") Gordon: the first was pilot and radio-operator, the second was mechanic and assistant. The third occupant of the gallant little plane *Friendship* was a girl: Amelia Earhart by name—a graduate of the Ogontz School, near Philadelphia, ex-nurse in the Canadian Red Cross, holder of the first international pilot's license ever issued to a woman, establisher of the woman's record for altitude, in 1920: member and vice-president of the Boston Chapter of the National Aeronautical Association, and social worker at Dennison House, Boston's second oldest settlement house.

She was a skilled aviatrix, having made a successful "solo" test in sunny California, and had been granted a license as one fully competent to manage and operate an airplane.

The *Friendship* hopped off from Boston Harbor on June 3, 1928, for the coast of Newfoundland, and arrived safely at the blue waters of the bay near the tiny fishing village of Trepassey. She was a tri-motored plane, built for Rear Admiral Richard E. Byrd (then Commander Byrd) to use on his contemplated flight to the Antarctic regions, and was christened by this gallant gentleman for the daring woman aviatrix, as a tribute to her equal fortitude of spirit. The plane itself was purchased from Admiral Byrd by the Honorable Mrs. Frederick Guest of London, England, whose husband had been in the Air Ministry of Lloyd George, and who was prominently associated with aviation in Great Britain. Mrs. Guest was formerly Miss Amy Phipps of Pittsburgh—a daughter of one of the steel magnates of that busy metropolis—and it was she who financed the expedition from first to last. It was due entirely to her generosity and sportsmanship that Miss Earhart was able to become the first woman in history to duplicate the feat of Colonel Lindbergh, and hop from

one shore of the Atlantic to the other in a single, non-stop passage.

At the time, the public was entirely ignorant of the fact that the plane *Friendship* had been transferred from the ownership of Admiral Byrd to that of Mrs. Guest, for this lady was herself anxious to cross the Atlantic and thus make world history. Prompted, however, by reasons of motherhood and resulting discretion (for she had two fine, manly boys), she at length abandoned the idea of herself occupying the plane, but still eager to have her plans consummated, she offered Miss Earhart the opportunity of using the airplane, and of thus making her name immortal in the history of the advance of aviation.

The *Friendship* was well known at the leading fields of aviation in New England and had a sensible pontoon equipment to enable her to float upon the surface of the ocean. This was experimental but wise, for should she suffer a break in the machinery and be forced down in mid-ocean, the radio could call to some passing liner for succor. She possessed a spread of seventy-two feet; her wings were golden; and her body was a brilliant red-orange. She had been fully tested and tried out before she rose in the air for her epoch-making

flight. There was one book aboard, a copy of "Skyward" by Rear Admiral Byrd, in which was inscribed afterwards: "I am sending you this copy of my first book [it was directed to Mrs. Guest] by the first girl to cross the Atlantic Ocean by air: the very brave Miss Earhart. But for circumstances, I well know that it would have been you who would have crossed first. I send you my heartiest congratulations and good wishes. I admire your determination and courage."

The flight to Trepassey from Boston was without special incident. When the graceful plane settled upon the quiet waters of the bay, a dozen small boats immediately began to circle madly about the aeronauts, each boatman anxious to be the one to throw a helping rope to the adventurers and thus assist in anchoring the ship of destiny. Under a Paramount camera's eye, the *Friendship* was finally propelled under its own power to a mooring which had already been secured by telegraph. In this quiet harbor she was destined to wait for fourteen days, until propitious weather conditions made it possible to attempt the shattering of world's records.

Once at Trepassey, the trio were trapped: rough water made it impossible to load sufficient gaso-

line for the trip. Had the adventurers been able to carry a quantity of gas from Halifax, they would certainly have continued eastward on a non-stop trip, as the atmospheric conditions were perfect for a "single hop." Meanwhile the simple folk of this quiet Newfoundland port showered attentions upon the soon-to-be world heroes and heroine: they offered them food, music and shelter. One bit of news filtered in from the outside which brought cheer and hope—it was word of the successful flight of the *Southern Cross* from San Francisco to the Hawaiian Islands. The trimotored Fokker, with Wright Whirlwind motors, practically the same as those on the *Friendship,* had made its goal! *We, too!* thought the girl and the two men waiting at Trepassey. *On! On! To victory!* The accomplishment of the Western fliers challenged and stirred the fighting spirit of the beleaguered aviators, held fast by wind and by weather. *Yes, on to victory!*

At 11:15 A.M. on June 17 the plane rose from the waters of the tiny harbor of Trepassey, and, with her prow pointed eastward, hummed up into the misty air: a vessel flying through the ether across the very same waters that Bjarni Herjulfson had tossed upon in his tiny Norse Viking ship in the

year 986. But now—how different! And how great the mind of man! What previously had taken two months of stormy and harried progress to accomplish was now to take but "20 hours and 40 minutes"—a tribute to the ingenuity and creative faculty of man, who has harnessed the extraordinary electric force to suit the needs of rapid transportation and transmittance of information. The *Friendship* was soon up 1500 feet in the air; land was quickly lost in the haze and fog which always hangs off the coast of Newfoundland, due to the fact that in this region warm currents from the surging Gulf Stream come in contact with icy air and are speedily changed to moisture.

"We made three tries to get off," wrote Miss Earhart in her diary. "Finally we went up from a heavy sea with one motor so wet that it has just recently come in full. We had to throw out all our canned gas. We have only 700 gallons with us now. I am holding down a pile of flying suits, as we left every ounce which we could spare at Trepassey and the three cushions were among the things discarded."

Only a few villagers were on the shore to see the final "get-away," as the attempt had been made so often in the fourteen days which had transpired

since the arrival of the aeronauts that the simple townsfolk had grown weary of witnessing "false starts." Yet a telegram had been left with them to be sent half an hour after the "take off," which read:

"We are hopping off. (Code word: Violet.) Cheerio!

"A. E."

The rations which the trio carried consisted of about two and one-half gallons of mineral water, taken on at Boston; three elephantine egg sandwiches; eight or nine oranges; a couple of tins of Drake's oatmeal cookies; five tins of pemmican (suet with raisins in it); a bottle of Horlick's Malted Milk tablets, and some Hershey's chocolate. This was enough for 20 hours and 40 minutes in the air, but scarcely sufficient for 20 days and 40 minutes, should some mishap befall the trio, and they be forced to drift helplessly for days at sea. But—they had the radio, although it was soon found that it would not function.

Now up 2500 feet above the fluffy clouds, up, up, up they climbed, until they reached an altitude of 3000 feet. Radio messages began to come in as the *Friendship* progressed onward: the Cape

Race station wanted to know how they were getting along—the *S.S. Elmworth* signaled through the blinding mist: "How are you?" "Okay" was flashed back, for the radio had not yet gone wrong.

A head wind with rain now drove against the *Friendship;* snow came into the air as the monoplane was nosed down with all motors wide; then the snow passed by and the sun came out, disclosing the shining, blue water, far, far below—the yawning mouth of the Atlantic hungry for fresh victims of its terrors. Clouds came between the aeronauts and the ocean, and not again did they see the surface of the sea, for it was covered with banks of dense vapor.

"On this trans-Atlantic flight," says Miss Earhart, "three oranges comprised my bill of fare, with the exception of probably a dozen small malted milk tablets. The sandwiches and coffee I left to the boys. Somehow I wasn't hungry, and, at the end of the trip I still had no particular desire for food."

At 4:15 the fog grew patchy, with huge holes in it, and the sun began to sink behind a vast mass of fog, with a brilliant rainbow visible to the eyes of the eager voyagers—a perfect circle and not the half of an arc seen by people upon the earth's sur-

face. It was yellow at the edges, with a round, gray shadow in the center. The tops of the mountains of fog were tinted pink, the hollows between them were gray and ominously dark. On—on—through these masses of vapor swung the gallant craft—on—on—while the British ship *Rexmore* announced by radio their bearings. They were out 1096 miles with no signs of engine weakness.

Miss Earhart knelt beside the chart table, which was in front of the window on the port side of the *Friendship,* and took several photographs of the misty clouds through which they whirled. By ten o'clock it was ominously dark and the first woman to cross the Atlantic by airplane wrote in her diary without a light, fearful lest the electric bulb in the after-cabin would blind Stultz at the controls. The tiny stars twinkled in the heavens, the fog was below, the exhausts were glowing meteors. Up, up the plane climbed to 6000 feet in order to skim the mist—up to 9000 feet, to escape the chilling, blinding fog—up to 10,000 feet, up—and going along steadily: 13 hours and 15 minutes since leaving peaceful Trepassey.

Day began to dawn again. As it grew lighter and lighter, the motors started to cough and groan like victims of bronchitis, and down the *Friendship*

shot to 5000 feet, where the fog was less dense. The radio was tried in order to get in touch with some ship, but it was found to be of no use—it was disabled for some unknown reason. So the *Friendship* came down to 2500 feet and sighted a vessel—the *S.S. America;* and, in view of the fact that the plane's gasoline tank showed but one hour's supply of that precious fuel, it circled the steamer, endeavoring to learn its bearings, which could easily have been secured had the radio receiver still functioned.

In order to get their position Stultz scribbled a note, tied it to an orange, and placed it in a paper bag closed by a silver cord. As the *Friendship* circled the *S.S. America,* the bag was dropped through the hatch in the endeavor to make it light upon the vessel's deck. But the mark could not be hit. Another orange was therefore utilized—with like results. As the second bit of fruit hurtled downward, Miss Earhart took a photograph of the vessel through the open hatch—the first picture ever made at sea from a plane in trans-Atlantic flight.

But attempted communication was useless. The radio was out of commission and the oranges were of no avail as seekers of information. About

whirled the plane, after a 12-mile detour made to reach the *S.S. America,* and again pointed her nose towards what the compass indicated to be the coast of Ireland. Through alternate patches of fog and open air the epoch-making aviators hummed along, sighting a tiny fishing vessel far below them, its course paralleling theirs.

"Bill" Stultz still sat at the controls with "Slim" Gordon munching a sandwich beside him, when out from the fog-bank grew a faint, blue shadow.

"Hah!" shouted Gordon. "See, that, Bill—I think it's land!"

"I don't believe it!"

"Yes, boy, it is. Hurray! Hurray!"

"Slim" cheered and threw his sandwich into the yawning abyss below.

Sure enough—it was land.

As the *Friendship* droned onward—the gas getting seriously low; the motors hitting steadily on all cylinders—several islands came into view, and a hazy, bluish coastline. What was it? That was indeed uncertain. Along the shore hovered the plane until a factory town was discerned far below —deep in the foggy mist. "We'll land!" cried Stultz. "We've done it. Hurray!"

Around and around circled the airplane; then a likely-looking stretch was seen, with a harbor and buoys. The *Friendship* made a perfect landing upon the surface of what proved to be the harbor of Burry Port, Wales. The plane was taxied to a huge buoy and tied to it, and the three passengers opened the door and looked out upon what they could see of the British Isles. Houses dotted the green hillsides, the only people in sight being three men working on a railroad track at the base of a hill. "Slim" yelled to them—"Hey, over there—you—come out and get us, please."

They paid no attention to them.

"Hey, I say, will you come out and get us?"

Finally the three men noticed the *Friendship,* strolled down to the shore, looked over the anchored craft, and walked back again to their work. It was just another airplane.

In about an hour a curious native came out in a dory and took "Slim" ashore to the telegraph office. The news of the arrival of the *Friendship* spread rapidly and numerous small boats pushed off shore to view the unusual plane. Soon the water was crowded with tiny craft filled with enthusiastic Welshmen and women. When the trio went ashore some hours later, six policemen were

unable to handle the jostling, cheering crowd, which wanted to touch and shake hands with the first and only woman to fly the Atlantic. In the enthusiasm of their greeting, Miss Earhart has written, they almost tore her clothes off. She was forced to remain within the confines of the Frickers Metal Company until police reinforcements arrived. In the meantime, she had tea and well knew that she was among the British.

Twice Miss Earhart had to mount the upper balcony so that the crowd could see her; then the reporters arrived, telling her that they had named her "Lady Lindy"; that she was one of the world's greatest heroines, and that London was waiting to welcome the "nerviest girl then in the limelight." To this Miss Earhart replied that she was "just baggage," and that the credit for the epochal flight was due, first, to Mrs. Guest, who financed the expedition; second, to the plane, which managed to get over with no mishap to the motor; and third, to Wilmer Stultz and "Slim" Gordon, whose successful handling of the motor and plane had made a tough journey through cloud banks and mist for 20 hours and 40 minutes a possibility. But with this statement the reporters did not entirely agree.

London gave the aeronauts an uproarious welcome. Miss Earhart visited Mrs. Guest at Park Lane, also Lady Astor at Cliveden, and Lord Lonsdale was her host at the Olympic Horse Show. She attended a special luncheon given her by the British Air League. There she was introduced to Lady Heath, from whom she later purchased the tiny plane *Arvo,* in which that daring aviatrix had flown from Cape Town, Africa, to London. She was also a guest of the American Ambassador. A great many other people lavished hospitality upon Miss Earhart and her two companions—the three makers of aviation history.

The trio embarked on June 28 for America aboard the *S.S. President Roosevelt.* At New York, the vessel was greeted by the Mayor's yacht *Macon* with officials, brass bands, and friends of the trio. A triumphant trip through the canyons of Wall Street and the ticker-tape along Broadway ended with a reception at City Hall, and then—at the Biltmore Hotel—the first woman ever to cross the Atlantic by air sank into a large bed, surrounded by flowers, congratulatory telegrams, letters, medals, complimentary newspaper paragraphs, and laudatory addresses.

Quite different, indeed, was the homecoming of

those Norse adventurers, who, after spending a dreary winter in Vineland, in 1000 A.D., came back in an open, oar-propelled, high-prowed vessel with flimsy sails to the bleak and cold shores of Greenland, where a non-enthusiastic body of Norwegians shouted: "Skaal! Skaal!" and let it go at that; for they did not realize what a truly great historical event had just transpired.

The aviatrix is tall and slender, and wears her clothes with distinction. An outdoor type—she prefers a coat of tan and freckles to rouge and lipstick. Athletic from girlhood, she not long ago as a deep-sea diver explored the bottom of the ocean off Block Island, and "made good." In her first dive, the suit which she was wearing leaked badly, but, nothing daunted by this mishap, she made another attempt, and the following day successfully reached the floor of the deep. She said afterwards that "plenty of women have been deeper and have stayed down longer than I."

Born at Atchison, Kansas, in 1888, she remained there until she reached high school age, and then entered the Ogontz School for Girls, near Philadelphia, which she left to begin training at To-

ronto, Canada, for the Red Cross, her sympathies having been aroused by the sight of a man on crutches, who had just returned from Flanders Fields. When she visited Toronto later, she first saw these bits of jetsam and flotsam of the great World's War, as they passed her sister's house, where she was temporarily residing. Her first assignment as a nurse was at the Spadina Military Hospital and, after serving there during the hostilities in Europe, she returned to Los Angeles in order to be near her father and mother. It was in sunny California that she learned to fly, and here she purchased her first plane. She soon sold it in order to procure a "flivver," in which to motor East to attend summer school at Harvard University. Then she joined her sister in teaching and settlement work in Boston, and, resuming her interest in aeronautics, became a member of the Boston Chapter of the National Aeronautic Association.

After her successful trans-Atlantic flight, she was elected President of the Boston Chapter of the National Aeronautic Association—the first woman to hold this office. Although still associated with Boston, she has a second home in New York City, and has become Assistant to the General

Traffic Manager of the Transcontinental Air Transport, with which organization Colonel Lindbergh is also affiliated. In addition, she is aviation editor of a monthly magazine.

Miss Earhart firmly believes that women make as good air-pilots as men, and, in an interview for the *Washington Star,* said:

"Twelve years ago the idea that women could learn to drive automobiles was considered preposterous. The eternal bogies of feminine nerves and physical weakness were advanced as final and conclusive arguments that women would never do. And, strangely enough, even today, in the face of superlative proof to the contrary, one sees these same threadbare, bromide arguments solemnly dusted off and brought forth again to be used against women aviators.

"The woman who enjoys a good game of golf, or takes pleasure in a ride across country with hounds, has found flying to be one of the most enthralling of all sports. It is only a question of time when women golf teams will adopt travel from one golf club to another by airplane. It would prove to be a highly advantageous manner of locomotion for tournament players, as it diverts the mind and relieves the player of a great deal of

last-minute tension and nervousness which transportation by train and automobile aggravates.

"I think there is no doubt that the average schoolgirl is *air-minded.* I receive many letters from girls up to eighteen years of age, who bewail the fact that their parents refuse to let them go up in the air. Although I cannot definitely commend that they be allowed to fly, I must say that their conduct and letters show that their minds are in a definite trend. All are anxious to become expert fliers.

"They are being held back by the men and by those in aeronautic authority, but the pendulum is swinging their way, and women will be an integral part of advance in aviation. I hope to soon see the day when there will be an aviation school devoted exclusively to the training of girl and women aviators.

"*Long life to the American Girl!* And may she excel in the air as she has learned to excel in other branches of athletic endeavor!"

Amelia Earhart: Aviatrix

1920 Made her first flight at Rogers Field with a licensed pilot. Bought a plane and was

instructed by John Montijo, an ex-army instructor. Soon flew to 5000 feet.

Flew to an altitude of 14,000 feet in her own Kinner Airster, with a 60-horsepower motor. This established a record under the auspices of the Aero Club of Southern California.

1921 Exchanged her plane for an automobile and drove across the continent to Boston, Massachusetts. Joined the Boston Chapter of the National Aeronautic Association and was made Vice-President. Became one of the five incorporators of the Dennison Aircraft Corporation.

1927 Asked to become a passenger in the plane *Friendship,* owned by Mrs. Frederick Guest of England, in attempted non-stop flight from America to England.

1928 With Wilmer Stultz and Louis Gordon, flew to Trepassey Bay, Newfoundland, on June 3, and after a wait of 14 days, started for the coast of England on June 17. Arrived at Burry Estuary, Wales, June 18, 1928.

Made President of the Boston Chapter of the National Aeronautic Association.

1929 Entered the Women's Air Derby, August 26, from Santa Monica, California, to Cleveland, Ohio. Won by Mrs. Louise Thaden of Pittsburgh. Second, Gladys O'Donnell of Long Beach, California. Third, Amelia Earhart of New York City.

The Record of an Epoch-making Flight

The Fokker three-motored monoplane *Friendship*

Wilmer Stultz: Pilot. Louis Gordon: Mechanic.

Amelia Earhart: Passenger Aviatrix.

1928

June 3. Left Boston, Massachusetts, 6:31 A.M.

June 4. Left Halifax, Nova Scotia, 8:36 A.M.
Arrived Trepassey, Newfoundland, 2:00 P.M.

June 17. Left Trepassey, 10:51 A.M. (New York Time).
Asked their position in center of the Atlantic Ocean of *S.S. Rexmore,* 4:45 P.M.

June 18. Circled over *S.S. America* off coast of Ireland, 6:00 A.M.
Landed Burry Estuary, Wales, 7:40 A.M.

1931 Miss Earhart married George Palmer Putnam, New York publisher, on February 7.

1932 On May 20-21 she flew alone across the Atlantic (the first woman to do so) in thirteen hours thirty minutes—a new transatlantic record. The flight was made from Harbor Grace, N. F., to near Londonderry, Ireland.

1935 In January she became the first woman to fly from Hawaii to Oakland, California, and in May of that year she flew non-stop from Mexico City to New York City in fourteen hours, nineteen minutes.

1937 In March, accompanied by a navigator, she started on a flight around the world. She flew from California to Hawaii, but cracked up at Honolulu as she was taking off on the second leg of her trip. Returning to the United States she prepared for another attempt to fly around the world and on June 1, accompanied by Fred Noonan as navigator, took off from Miami, Florida. She flew south to San Juan, Puerto Rico, to Dutch Guiana, to Brazil, across the Atlantic to Africa, across Africa to the Red Sea, along the

Arabian coast to India, across India to Calcutta, to Rangoon, to Singapore, to Java, to Port Darwin, Australia, to Lae, New Guinea. From Lae she and Noonan took off July 2 for Howland Island, a tiny speck in the Pacific. Between 2:45 A.M. and 8:44 A.M. the next day the Coast Guard cutter Itasca, on watch for the plane near Howland Island, picked up a number of garbled messages from it, indicating that it was having trouble. However, a difference of frequency between the plane's radio set and that of the Itasca prevented the latter from giving the plane directions or learning its position. What happened to Mrs. Putnam and Noonan thereafter is a matter of conjecture. The U. S. Navy sent vessels and airplanes to search for them, but after a week's intensive effort the hunt was abandoned without even a piece of the plane having been sighted.

WALTER PERRY JOHNSON: THE "BIG TRAIN" GREATEST OF ALL PITCHERS

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WALTER PERRY JOHNSON

CHAPTER VI

WALTER PERRY JOHNSON: THE "BIG TRAIN" GREATEST OF ALL PITCHERS

"How can you hit 'em, when you can't see 'em?"

The big first baseman of the Detroit team threw down his bat in disgust and walked over to the dug-out with a cast-down, hang-dog expression.

"What's the matter, Lu, did the ball have dynamite behind it?"

"Dynamite!—It had TNT behind it. That feller Johnson is a cyclone!"

This was back in 1923 when Walter Perry Johnson—star-pitcher for the Washington Senators, was in his greatest glory—his muscles functioning properly, his eye keen, his experience mature, his judgment excellent—he was in his prime as the country's greatest performer on the mound. It was the truth (as "Lu" Blue had stated): there was so much "smoke" on the ball that the tiny pellet came up to the plate and flashed past the batter into the catcher's mitt with such dynamic

speed that it was almost impossible to see it. All that the batter could do was to calculate where he thought the ball would probably be, and fan at that given space. If he guessed correctly, the impact of the ball alone would give him a stinging "double."

Ever since August, 1907, Walter Perry Johnson —the "Big Train"—had been with the Washington nine. They had purchased him, or rather given him a contract, after a scout had seen him perform with the Weiser, Idaho, semi-professional nine, and had realized immediately that the boy had the makings of a truly great pitcher. He remained with the Senators from this year until his resignation on October 15, 1927, when, appreciating that Old Father Time had laid his faltering hand upon his stalwart shoulder, he turned from player to manager, and assumed direction of the Newark, New Jersey Bears in the International League. During his long career as a professional ball player he had been considered king of them all, and no one, except the great "Christy" Matthewson ("Big Six") and Grover Cleveland Alexander, had a record which could equal that of the "Big Train."

This marvelous performer on the diamond was

the son of a Kansas farmer of modest means. He was born on a farm at Humboldt, Kansas, November 6, 1887, in a country fertile and rich, and dotted with oil wells. His birthplace is in the southeastern part of the Sunflower State, not far from Emporia, the home of William Allen White, well-known editor and journalist. At the age of fourteen, the Johnson family moved to Fullerton, California, and here Walter became the catcher on the high school team, but as he did not care for this position, he tried his hand at pitching. He soon made a name for himself on the sand lots of the little town.

While playing around the countryside, he was seen in action by a scout for the Tacoma Club of the Northwestern League and recommended for trial. Accordingly he reported to that club in the spring of 1906, but was quickly released as being "far too green." He returned home and found a position with the Weiser, Idaho, semi-professional nine, which played one game a week and used him as a pitcher during the spring of 1907. Just at that time a member of the United States Geological Survey from Washington, D. C., who was a decided "fan," happened to be in town on government work in connection with a map of that particular

district. He watched the Kansas cyclone pitch a few games and became so enthusiastic over the "prospect" that he wrote home to the national capital, asking the manager of the Senators to send out a scout to "pick up" this coming wonder. "He has blinding speed," wrote the surveyor, "and although a bit green, will make good in short order."

The manager of the Senators was quite accustomed to receiving this kind of epistle, for many "fans" had enthusiastically recommended to him "valuable finds" who did not "pan out." But the surveyor's letters were so persistent that the Senators' manager finally told his western scout to drop into Weiser, Idaho, and see what it was all about. Consequently, the Idaho Wonder soon had a red-faced individual at his home offering him a contract "way back East." Would he accept? Yes, Walter would listen to the offer, but perhaps he might not make good and would receive the "gate." Yes—but what of that? He would accept, however, if he were paid $250 cash and received at the same time a ticket home so that if he were "weighed in the balance and found wanting," he could get back home again without further cost to himself.

It was a contract. "Babe" Ruth cost the New York Yankees $105,000 in cash; and additional players, valued at about $32,000 made his total expense to the New York American Club $137,000. "Lefty" Grove, star-pitcher on the Baltimore Oriole International Club when purchased by the keen "Connie" Mack of the Philadelphia Athletics, was not let pass over the Great Divide until the tidy sum of $105,000 had been paid for his use. Yet the great Sir Walter, Prince of Pitching Aces, came to a long stay of many years with the Senators for the sum of $250 and his carfare, which was in the neighborhood of $100—$350 in all. What a baseball bargain!

The "Big Train" was nineteen years old—long, angular and gawky, but what a ball he could throw over the plate! It fairly scorched its way through the air and made a dull thud in the catcher's glove, like a fish "plopping" in the still surface of a pond. Immediately he was given a chance to show his wares against the fierce Detroit Tigers, with "Ty" Cobb in the line-up at right field; "Wahoo" Sam Crawford at centerfield, and a big fellow, named Ed Sevier, as pitcher. It was on the second day of August in the year of our Lord 1907, when the Senators crossed bats with the men from the

City of Automobiles, and here is how they faced each other and what occurred on that eventful day:

WASHINGTON

	AB.	R.	H	P.	A.	E.
Otis Clymer, lf.....	4	0	0	2	0	0
Bob Ganley, rf.....	3	0	0	1	0	0
Jim Delahanty, 1b.....	3	0	1	10	1	0
Charles Jones, cf.....	4	1	0	1	0	0
George Nill, 2b.....	3	0	2	2	5	1
Dave Altizer, ss.....	4	0	1	3	1	1
Bill Shipke, 3b.....	4	0	1	1	3	0
Mike Hayden, c.....	1	1	0	6	1	0
Walter Johnson, p.....	2	0	0	1	1	0
Tom Hughes, p.....	0	0	0	0	1	0
*Cliff Blankenship	0	0	0	0	0	0
**Harry Gehring	1	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	29	2	5	27	13	2

*Batted for Johnson in the eighth.

**Batted for Hayden in the ninth.

AB—at bat. R—runs. H—hits. P—put outs. A—assists. E—errors.

DETROIT

	AB.	R.	H.	P.	A.	E.
Davey Jones, lf.....	4	0	0	0	0	0
Bill Coughlin, 3b.....	4	0	0	0	3	0
Sam Crawford, cf.....	4	1	1	3	0	0
Ty Cobb, rf..... ..	4	1	1	3	3	1
Claude Rossman, 1b...	4	0	2	8	0	0
Tom Downs, 2b.....	4	1	2	1	1	0
Charley Schmidt, c....	4	0	2	11	2	0
Charles O'Leary, ss...	4	0	2	1	1	2
Ed Sevier, p.....	4	0	0	0	2	0
Totals	36	3	10	27	12	3

Washington 0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	1—2
Detroit 0	1	0	0	0	0	0	1	1—3

Two base hits—Delahanty, Rossman. Three base hits—Nill. Home run—Crawford. Hits off—Johnson, 6 in eight innings, Hughes 4 in one inning. Sacrifice hits—Hayden, Blankenship. Stolen bases—Delahanty, Cobb 2, O'Leary. Double play—Cobb to Schmidt, Cobb to Rossman. Left on bases—Washington 6, Detroit 7. First base on balls—off Johnson 1, Sevier 4. Struck out by Johnson 3, Hughes 2, Sevier 7. Umpires—Sheridan and Evans. Time, 1.5.

This was the first of two games, both of which were won by Detroit. Sevier was very effective, and although the Idaho Wonder (as Johnson was called) had "baffling speed," the Tigers saw that he was green and bunted him to death. He was as gawky as a young kangaroo when stooping over to pick up a ball on the diamond, and the old-time, skillful Detroit players had many a good laugh at his expense. Johnson had sweet revenge upon the same nine, however, when he was more experienced.

But the youth of nineteen had decidedly "made good"—so good that he was asked that fall to make a longer stay which lengthened into a visit at the Nation's capital of twenty-one years—years in which, for the greater portion of the time, he was on a losing team; but years which, at their close, brought him in 1924 and 1925 into the World's Series: first against the New York Giants, of the National League, and second with the Pittsburgh Pirates of that same association. Now, after a year spent with the Newark Bears, as mentor and directing genius, he is back as manager of the same team which he graced for so many years as the King of Pitchers.

Pitching for the "Griffs" or Senators, Johnson

saw the first ball of the baseball season thrown out by Theodore Roosevelt, by William H. Taft, twice by Woodrow Wilson, by Warren G. Harding, and by Calvin Coolidge. He closed his career with a grand total of strike-outs to his credit of 3494, having taken part in 807 games, pitched 5916 innings, and having won of these many games 414, and lost 274. His record for shut-outs is 110.

This record is unequaled in Major League history, as "Christy" Matthewson in seventeen years of campaigning scored 83 shut-outs, and therefore is second. Grover Cleveland Alexander of the Chicago Cubs and also the St. Louis Cardinals with 77 shut-outs to his credit is third. Old "Cy" Young of Boston, with twenty-two years in the Majors, only had 73 shut-outs to his credit; "Babe" Adams of the Pittsburgh Pirates had 73 in a long career on the green turf.

Grover Cleveland Alexander had 16 shut-outs to his honor in 1910—a record. In the American League (Alexander being in the National League), the record for total shut-outs in one season is that of Jack Coombs of the Philadelphia Athletics, who established a mark of 13 in 1910. In eighteen years, Walter Johnson only scored 9 shut-outs against the St. Louis Browns, but on August 25,

1927, he won a no-run, no-hit game against the men from the "Show-Me" State, which was called at the end of the seventh inning. He has, however, one no-hit, no-run game to his credit which lasted nine full innings—that against the Boston Red Sox in the year 1925. He shut out New York 27 innings without a single earned run on September 4, 5 and 7, 1910.

Has he been the greatest pitcher of all time, since organized baseball came into its own in these great United States? It is conceded by most of those interested in the great national pastime that he has.

His nearest competitors have been "Christy" Matthewson ("Big Six"), "Rube" Waddell, Amos Rusie, and old man "Cy" Young. The first was a prominent factor in the pennant victories of the New York Giants (National League team) in the years 1904, 1905, 1911, 1912 and 1913. "Matty" twirled two no-hit games: one against the St. Louis Cardinals in 1901 and the other against the Chicago Cubs in 1905. He held, jointly with Grover Cleveland Alexander and "Cy" Young, a Major League record of winning more than 30 games for three seasons in a row. However, by far the greatest achievement of this spirited pitcher was

in the World's Series of 1905, when he perpetrated three shut-out victories against the Philadelphia Americans. In 1914 "Christy" was severely injured in the shoulder, which ended his career as a regular on the mound. Shortly after this he was obliged to go to Saranac Lake, New York, to be treated for tuberculosis, of which he was supposedly cured. In 1916-17, he managed the Cincinnati Reds, resigning to enter the World War. In 1923, he became President of the Boston National League Club, for his friend, Emile Fuchs, had purchased that organization. But the "white plague" drove him again to Lake Saranac in the Adirondacks, and there he died on October 7, 1925—a great pitcher with a mighty ability and a mighty following. He possessed much natural skill, keen knowledge of baseball, a clear head, generalship and coolness when in a tight place.

Amos Rusie hardly ever gave a base on balls. When he presented three passes in one game, he was considered very "wild." Some even claim that, in his day and hour, his "fast one" had a speed equal to that of the Idaho Wonder. In the year 1894, he pitched every other day for New York and helped to win the pennant for his own team, but he overdid it and showed the bad effects

of this strain soon afterwards. He is said to have thrown the fastest curve ball that ever burned a catcher's mitt, and he had the courage to whip over a speed-ball with the count of three balls and two strikes against him. He is in a class with Walter Johnson, but not quite up to his standard.

No pitcher seemed to have more ease in getting it over than Walter, nor had the same command of his "smoke ball" or very "fast one." He displayed uncanny control when "burning them over," otherwise no batter would have dared stand up to the plate. Possessed of tremendous patience and calmness in adversity, his fluid-like motions appealed to all who love the poetry of action. He never rebelled at a decision of the umpire, he would sadly shake his head at a called "ball" when it should have been "strike," and, for this genteelness in stress and strain, all admired him. "I tell you, boys, that man's a gentleman," was always heard when the "Big Train" pitched.

Eccentric "Rube" Waddell was undoubtedly the greatest left-handed or south-paw hurler of all time. He had an abnormally large hand which he could wrap like an octopus around the ball. Thus he managed to eject strange, twisting balls the like of which no one ever saw before—or again. He

even led Johnson in the percentage of strike-outs for a time, and at one of his "good moments" Waddell was unhittable. In 1908, near the close of his hectic career, he struck out sixteen batters in a nine-inning game, but although a giant on the diamond, the "Rube" was a child when off the field, and his unwillingness to train ended the playing days of baseball's most eccentric freak player.

"Jack" Chesboro and big "Ed" Walsh were also in Johnson's class for a time. Both were "spit-ball" artists, who were pitched out by far too much work; Grover Cleveland Alexander is still able to "burn 'em over" close up to the shirt, and, although he is said to have little respect for training rules, this does not seem to have shortened his career. Others who were in Johnson's class are "Nap" Rucker, the idol of the Brooklyn fans and master of the slow ball, which comes up to the plate, then drops unexpectedly, so "it is where it ain't," as a batsman remarked; Chief Bender, a crafty redskin; "Dazzy" Vance of the Brooklyn Dodgers; John Clarkson, the curve-artist of the Nineties; "Addie" Joss; and "Herb" Pennock—just about pitched out from many, many battles won for the pennant-winning Yankees

The "Big Train" was not always rated a brainy pitcher. When he first broke into fast company, he relied on his lightning speed to win, because the balls shot over the plate so fast that batters swung aimlessly in the air. As the years passed, however, Johnson began to use his head, and as he turned in sixteen successive wins in one season, it can easily be seen what kind of a head that was. There must have been many days when his stout heart was heavy within him—always pitching for a losing club—but he stuck to it. With him it was "the team first, myself afterwards," and that is Johnson—baseball's greatest star.

"The pitcher," said he, "is paid mostly for the way in which he handles himself in the box. As long as he can pitch winning ball, the manager is going to overlook his weakness as a fielder or a batter. I must confess that I have never done anything along these latter lines to merit any special praise. Yet in all my twenty years of experience in baseball, where I have seen great players come and go—men like 'Larry' Lajoie, Hans Wagner, Frank Chance, 'Hal' Chase, 'Willie' Keeler, and so on down the line—I can only come to one conclusion, and that is that only natural ball players could have achieved the brilliant things which

these men accomplished on the diamond, and to be a natural ball player you have got to know baseball almost from the cradle. I don't think that I am a natural ball player, for I feel certain that I could not make good in any position outside the pitcher's box; nor do I attribute whatever success I have had in the box to any inherent ability upon my part. It has been my natural strength and speed that has helped me all along as a pitcher."

At the close of the 1924 season, the Washington Senators, with whom Walter had functioned as a star-performer for eighteen years in succession, won the Championship of the American League and met the New York Giants for the World's Series. There ensued a series of seven games, which were settled by a final, hectic match in Washington, D. C., where the crowd went wild for joy, where the President of the United States, himself, was witness to as thrilling an ending to a big league season as has ever transpired, and where 10,000 rabid Washington fans yelled for one entire hour after the last game was over.

It was the "Big Train's" eighteenth season with the Griffmen, or Senators, who had never before landed on top of the heap, although twice they had reached second position; and it was mainly due

to his excellent work in the box that they secured a pennant at the capital city. The mainstay of the Washington pitching staff had led the American League hurlers with an average of .786, gleaned from 28 victories and 7 defeats. He had won 13 consecutive games, leading the League's pitchers in that respect. He also pitched a no-hit game against the hard hitting St. Louis club, or Browns, on August 25, which unfortunately does not go into the records, as the game ended in the seventh inning because of a downpour of rain. On the 23rd of May, he allowed the Chicago White Sox one lone single, and struck out fourteen men, six of them in succession; and, in the opening game of the season, allowed the Philadelphia Athletics but four hits. Finally, to cap the climax of his very best year as a hurler, he increased his grand strike-out total of 3216 for eighteen years as a pitcher, getting 158 strike-outs for the season.

The first game of the 1924 World's Series was played at the Polo Grounds in New York City, and the Giants won 4-3, with 14 hits to 10 for the Senators with Walter Johnson pitching.

The second game was at Washington, score: Washington 4, New York 3. Zachary and Marberry pitched for the Senators.

The third game was at New York, score: New York 6, Washington 4, with 9 hits for the Giants and 12 for the Senators. Pitchers for Washington: Marberry, Russell, Martina and Speece.

The fourth game was also at New York, score: Washington 7, New York 4, with 13 hits for the winners and but 6 for the losers. Pitchers for the Senators: Mogridge and Marberry.

The fifth game was also at New York, score: New York 6, Washington 2; 13 hits were registered for the Giants, while the Griffmen only hung up 9. Johnson was the losing pitcher for his home-team.

The sixth game was at the capital city, score: Washington 2, New York 1, with 7 hits for New York and but 4 for the Senators. Zachary pitched for the Griffmen.

The seventh and final game was played at the Griffith Stadium in Washington, D. C., on October 10, resulting in the score of Washington 4, New York 3, with Mogridge, Marberry and Ogden toiling for the Senators until the ninth inning, when Walter Johnson took up the grind on the mound. What happened then was as follows:

9th Inning: Frish was retired, for New York. Young was passed. Kelly struck out. Meusel

was out at first base. Washington did not score.

10th Inning: Wilson was passed. Jackson struck out. Gowdy hit into a double play. Washington did not score in their half.

11th Inning: Groh led with a single. Lindstrom sacrificed him to second base. Frish struck out. Young was intentionally passed. Kelly struck out. Washington did not score.

12th Inning: Meusel singled. Wilson fanned the thin air. Jackson forced Meusel. Gowdy flew out to Goslin.

Last half of the 12th Inning: Washington at bat. Frish threw out Taylor. Ruel fouled a ball which Gowdy (catcher) dropped. Ruel doubled to left. Jackson fumbled Walter Johnson's grounder and the latter reached first base. Ruel was on second base. Now came the thrill of thrills! Earl McNeely, the Thousand-dollar California Peach, hit the ball sharply towards third base, and it struck a pebble and bounded over Lindstrom's head. Ruel raced in with the winning run—and the 1924 season was over with a glorious victory for Washington due to Walter Johnson's "pinch-hitting" in the pitcher's box.

Pandemonium broke loose! Never had there been such excitement. For one hour 10,000 people stood in the ball park cheering like wild men. The noise was deafening.

After it was all over, two persons of prominence had something to say, the first being President Calvin Coolidge, who remarked:

"We were well pleased to see Walter Johnson win the final game, pitching for his home-team. It has to be remembered that though he was not successful in the previous two games which he pitched, that it was his skill that won the pennant and put Washington in the World's Series. Everyone was pleased to see him come back at the close of the last game. The three games which I witnessed maintained throughout a high degree of skill and every evidence of high-class sportsmanship, which will bring to every observer an increased respect for and confidence in the National Game."

The second was "Bucky" Harris, Captain of the victorious Senators. He remarked:

"I have no way of knowing exactly how Walter Johnson felt during the critical last inning of the game, but, if he got anything like the 'kick' out of it that I received, then he must be the happiest man walking around today. There is not a lover of

clean sport who has not grieved from the depths of his heart for those two games in which Walter pitched and came out second best. That is why there was such a tremendous thrill for even those of us on the firing line, when—after the score was tied up and Walter began shooting them across with his old time zip and skill—we all realized that the big moment had come and that the Smoke-ball King would crash his way into the greatest victory of his career.

"They said that the Giants could hit speed—even the peerless speed of Walter Johnson—but when danger lurked on the bases, in the last vital game of the series, the greatest pitcher of all time mowed them down with the machine-like precision which he always exhibited in the year 1912. If there is one thing that stands out above anything else in my emotions tonight, it is the heartfelt gratification over the final blaze of glory, wrought by the *greatest arm which baseball has ever known.* Among the many honors that have come to me today, the greatest of all is that I have been permitted to manage the peerless pitcher whose records in the annals of baseball *will never be equaled.*

"In all the days of baseball, no matter where it has been played, there never was, nor probably will

be, a greater demonstration given to a winning team than that accorded to Washington today after we had clinched the World's Series. I have never seen anything like it. The game ended at 5 o'clock P.M. sharp. At 6:30 there were still some 10,000 persons on the ball field. Downtown in Washington, it reminded me of the day when someone flashed the grateful news that the mighty World War had ended. Even if I live to be one hundred years of age, I do not think that I'll ever see another day like this one. This was the most wonderful series played on any ball park in any man's town."

The loyal rooters in the great capital city were thinking of only one thing that night; that after twenty-seven years of effort, the town had actually evolved a World's Championship Club. The old adage, "First in War, First in Peace, and Last in the American League," was no longer a verity.

It is stated that the Vermont Chief Executive was devoid of all enthusiasm, but, when "Bucky" Harris hit a home-run in the last, crucial game, and when Earl McNeely smacked the ball with a resounding "whack," in order to bring in the winning marker, President Coolidge rose and clapped his hands as ingloriously as any of the fans in

the stadium. As Ruel raced in with that winning run in the hectic twelfth inning, and when Walter Johnson rushed to the dug-out—the proudest and happiest ball player in the world—Mr. Coolidge was waiting to grasp the big right hand of the pitching master, and if he was not actually joining in the cheering, his facial movements made him appear to be.

For the sake of baseball history, the great Pitching Ace should have retired from the game for all time then and there. "Stonewall" Jackson fell when his mighty flank attack upon Hooker's disorganized masses in the woods near Chancellorsville was at its maximum of success; Lincoln was assassinated before the wranglings of the reconstruction period might have unmade his glorious record of service to his cause and country; Albert Sidney Johnson was struck down at the crucial moment of Confederate success at Shiloh; Wolfe died when the Highlanders were beating a way into the Citadel of Quebec, which marked the doom of New France in the Western World; Davy Crockett was the last man to fall in the burning Alamo. But Napoleon should have perished as the British squadrons swept past the Old Guard; Caesar should have been struck down as he passed the

Rubicon; Grant should have been incapacitated before he had been humiliated by the peculations of Ward, posing as the "Young Napoleon of Finance"; and Theodore Roosevelt, for the sake of dramatics, should have passed onward and upward before his character-damaging Bull Moose campaign. So, too, with the mighty Walter, he was at his greatest as the sun set on the day of October 10, 1924.

But once again he was to figure in a World's Series, and once again he had the opportunity to come out a Napoleon of the baseball firmament—a Phil Sheridan of the diamond, who could put in the final, dramatic knock-out blow, as the gallant cavalryman once did in battle. Once again he rose, struggled and fell; a hero who just missed being wonderfully great.

It was the last game of the 1925 World's Series played at Forbes Field, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. Washington and the Pittsburgh Pirates had tied up the series with three games each. This was the final and crucial match.

There had been six games, as follows:

First game: Washington 4, Pittsburgh 1: Johnson pitched for the Senators, the game being played at Pittsburgh.

Second game: Washington 2, Pittsburgh 3: Coveleskie and Dutch Reuther hurled for the Washington nine. At Pittsburgh.

Third game: Washington 4, Pittsburgh 3: Ferguson and Marberry hurling for the Senators. At Washington.

Fourth game: Walter Johnson pitched again, the score being Washington 4, Pittsburgh 0, and the game was a shut-out for the "Big Train." At Pittsburgh.

Fifth game: Pittsburgh 6, Washington 3: Coveleskie, Ballou, Zachary and Marberry pitching for the Senators. At Washington.

Sixth game: Washington 2, Pittsburgh 3: "Sandy" Ferguson being "on the mound" for the Senators. At Pittsburgh.

Seventh game: Washington 7, Pittsburgh 9: played at Pittsburgh in a sea of mud, with 15 hits for the Pirates and but 7 for the Washington nine.

When the gallant Johnson faced Earl Smith, the doughty catcher for the Pirates, in the eighth inning of that seventh game of the World's Series, at Forbes Field, October 15, 1925, he was within four put-outs of an entirely new record in baseball annals. If he could have retired four batters, he would have won his fourth consecutive World's

Series triumph—a feat not accomplished before by any of the mighty hurlers in either League, but—and that is the story!

The Idaho Wonder was "pitched out": he did not retire those four eager batsmen. In that inning, so replete with satisfaction for the loyal Pittsburgh "fans," before the mighty "Big Train" had retired another batter, three runs had been put over by the Pirates, and the chance for Walter to get into the class with "Christy" Matthewson, "Jack" Coombs, "Stan" Coveleskie and "Babe" Adams (all winners of three consecutive victories in a World's Series) had passed on.

The field was a quagmire of mud and it was very chilly. Earl Smith found the mighty Walter for a two-bagger, and then Bigbee—a pinch-hitter—also doubled. The run tied the score, 7 all, and then Moore walked. Carey was safe on an error by the Senators' smart shortstop—Roger Peckinpaugh—an error (the overthrow of a base) which proved to be the "break" which lost the game for the Washington team. "Kiki" Cuyler then hoisted a foul line double which counted for two runs—and the game was won by the jubilant Pirates. Washington could not and did not again score.

In the first two games of this series, the pitching

of Walter Johnson had been about the best which he had shown in the entire season.

President Ban Johnson of the American League criticised Manager "Bucky" Harris of the Senators for starting Johnson in the last crucial game —the third time for him—when there were numerous other pitchers sitting on the Washington bench.

"You put up a game fight," wired Ban Johnson. "This I admire. You lost the series for sentimental reasons. This should never occur in a World's Series."

Harris was nettled.

"Sentimental reasons played absolutely no part in my desire to pitch Johnson and my decision to use him," said the manager of the Senators. "Walter Johnson pitched wonderful ball. I regard this as a reflection on him to have such a thing said. President Johnson's remarks—if his telegram has been correctly quoted—are gratuitous; they should have been left unsaid."

"I tried my best to give everything which I had," said the mighty "Big Train," "but it wasn't good enough. I had plenty of stuff, my leg felt all right and my arm all right also, but it was certainly no day for pitching. It was far too cold and rainy. It's tough, but they had the better ball team

out there, and they won. And that's all there is to that."

But in spite of these alibis, the consensus of opinion among students of the game was that poor judgment had been used in keeping the "Big Train" on the mound after he had shown signs of weakening. "Dutch" Reuther, Coveleskie, even Ferguson, perhaps, or Fred Marberry (greatest of all relief-pitchers) should have been on the mound in the eighth inning. Walter had done his bit and done it well—he was no "iron man." Washingtonians were loud in their adverse criticism of Harris' management of this crucial game.

The "Big Train" was showered with expressions of sympathy from Pittsburgh fans, who admired the great pitcher, even though on the hostile nine. On every side, as he left the park, hands were outstretched for the exchange of grips with the fallen Monarch of the Mound, and every tongue took up the sympathetic cry, "Tough luck, Walter. Sorry it had to be you."

Johnson wired his congratulations to Manager "Bill" McKechnie of the Pittsburgh Pirates. "You deserve the victory," he said.

Although Walter Johnson remained for two more years with the Senators, he never again ap-

peared in a World's Series. In 1926, he won 15 and lost 16 games. In 1927, his last year in the Big Show, he won 5 and lost 5, an even break. In 1928, he had resigned, owing to advanced years and lack of ability to run bases, and was appointed manager of the Newark Internationals. On October 15, 1928, having been released by President Paul Block of the Newark club, who stated that "although Johnson's contract with him had one more year to run, he would not stand in the way of his bettering himself," he affixed his signature with President Clark Griffith of the Senators, to manage the nine from the great white city by the slow-moving Potomac. Everybody in the old home-town was delighted to see his well-known form again on the green diamond.

Walter had married the daughter of a Nevada Congressman and moved his family of four children back to his home at Alta Vista, Maryland, which had been leased during his stay in New Jersey. "I am delighted to be back," said he, "and now that 'Bucky' Harris has been put in charge of the Detroit Tigers, I shall be glad to meet him again in friendly rivalry, where once we pulled together for Washington's honor."

So the "Big Train"—mightiest of them all—the

man who never in his life "kicked" at an unjust decision or talked back to an umpire—who always gave his best—who is a credit to clean sport and the great national game—once more is in the Big Show, a Manager. We hope his charges will bring credit to his name and fame.

His good life thrills the hearts of men,
His great arm thrusteth sure,
His strength is as the strength of ten,
Because his heart is pure.

Through the busy baseball years with Walter Johnson, Walter Perry Johnson. Bats Right. Throws Right.

Height 6 feet 1 inch. Weight 195 pounds.

Year	G	IP	SO	BB	H	ER AVGE	W	L	PC
1907	14	112	64	18	95	2.36	5	9	.357
1908	36	257	160	52	196	2.54	14	14	.500
1909	40	297	164	84	247	2.20	13	25	.342
1910	45	373	313	76	269	2.84	25	17	.595
1911	40	323	209	70	292	2.41	23	15	.605
1912	50	368	303	76	259	2.91	32	12	.727
1913	47	346	243	338	230	1.09	36	7	.837
1914	51	371	225	74	287	1.71	28	13	.683
1915	47	336	203	56	258	1.55	27	13	.675
1916	48	371	228	132	290	1.89	25	20	.556
1917	47	328	185	67	259	2.30	23	16	.590
1918	39	325	162	70	241	1.28	23	13	.630
1919	39	290	147	51	235	1.49	20	14	.588
1920	21	144	78	27	135	3.13	8	10	.444
1921	35	264	143	92	265	3.51	17	14	.548
1922	41	280	105	99	283	2.99	15	16	.484

Year	G	IP	SO	BB	H	ER AVGE	W	L	PC
1923	43	262	126	69	267	3.54	17	12	.586
1924	38	278	158	77	233	2.72	23	7	.767
1925	30	229	108	78	211	3.07	20	7	.741
1926	33	262	125	73	259	3.61	15	16	.484
1927	17	100	45	20	104	...	5	5	.500
Totals	801	5916	3494	1399	4915	2.46	414	274	.601

G—Games. IP—Innings Pitched. SO—Struck Out. BB—Bases on Balls. H—Hits. ER AVGE—Earned Runs Average. W—Won. L—Lost. PC—Percentage.

World's Series

Year	G	IP	SO	BB	H	ER AVGE	W	L	PC
1924	3	24	20	11	30	3.38	1	2	.333
1925	3	26	15	4	26	2.08	2	1	.667
Totals	6	50	35	15	56	2.73	3	3	.500
Grand Totals 21 Years	807	5966	3529	1104	4971	2.59	417	278	.600

With Tacoma Club of Northwestern League in 1906, but never played with that organization. With Weiser, Idaho, semi-professional nine in 1906 and 1907. Sent to Washington Senators as free agent on trial. Spent entire playing career with that organization. Resigned from the Senators October 15, 1927, and later signed to manage Newark Club of the International League. Ap-

pointed Manager of the Senators, 1929, to succeed Stanley Harris.

Johnson pitched no-hit, no-run game against Boston, July 1, 1920.

Voted the most valuable player in the American League for 1924.

BEST THREE STRAIGHT PITCHING YEARS

(90 or more victories of the game's five leading pitchers)

"Christy" Matthewson

Year	*Won*	*Lost*	*P. C.*
1903	30	13	.698
1904	35	8	.814
1905	31	9	.775
Totals	96	30	.762

"Cy" Young

Year	*Won*	*Lost*	*P. C.*
1901	31	10	.756
1902	32	12	.727
1903	28	9	.757
Totals	91	31	.746

"Jack" Chesboro

Year	*Won*	*Lost*	*P. C.*
1902	28	6	.824
1903	21	15	.583
1904	41	12	.774
Totals	90	33	.727

Grover Cleveland Alexander

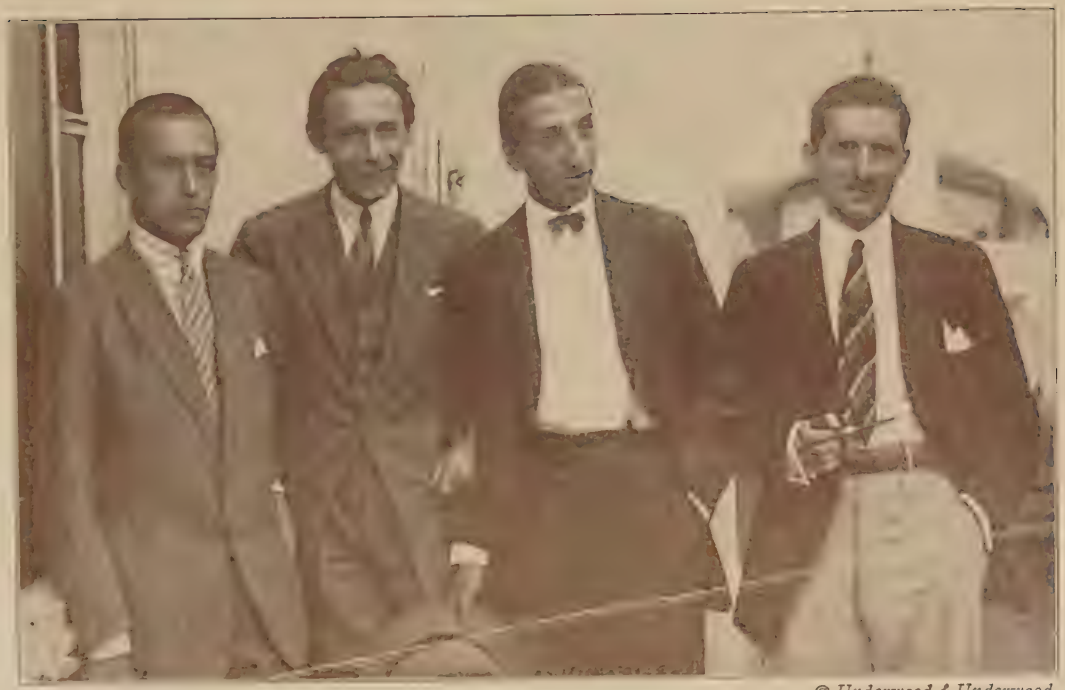
Year	*Won*	*Lost*	*P. C.*
1915	31	10	.756
1916	33	12	.733
1917	30	13	.698
Totals	94	35	.729

Walter Perry Johnson

Year	*Won*	*Lost*	*P. C.*
1912	32	12	.727
1913	36	7	.837
1914	28	13	.683
Totals	96	32	.749

Walter Johnson was manager of the Cleveland Indians in 1933-35. Since 1935 he has lived on his farm in Maryland. His only connection with organized baseball has been to broadcast home games played by the Washington Senators. He entered politics, and, although he has served as County Commissioner of Humbolt County, Maryland, he was defeated when he ran for Congress in 1940.

JEAN-RENE LA COSTE,
HENRI COCHET, JEAN BOROTRA,
JACQUES BRUGNON :
THE FOUR MUSKETEERS



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THE FOUR TENNIS MUSKETEERS — COCHET, BOROTRA, LA COSTE, AND BRUGNON

CHAPTER VII

LA COSTE, COCHET, BOROTRA, AND BRUGNON: THE FOUR MUSKETEERS

Un pour tous, tous pour un.
(One for all, all for one.)

THIS slogan of the Three Musketeers in the thrilling drama of Alexandre Dumas is world famous, but not more famous in the romance loving world than are the Four Musketeers of the realm of racquets in the tennis loving sphere. La Coste, Cochet, Borotra and Brugnon are as prominent in their own country as ever were D'Artagnan, Athos, Porthos and Aramis—the four friends of the mighty story of love and adventure conceived by the great French author. These swordsmen were inseparable and fought together for king and country; they are the most stirring example in all literature of the love of brother for brother. So, also, the four tennis musketeers have fought together on the chalk-lined turf for the glory and honor of the Republic of France.

When the best tennis aces of France, and four of the finest tennis players in the world, began the invasion of the United States, there was little thought that the championship would leave the shores where it had reposed through many seasons. Tilden was in his glory; "Billy" Johnston was still wielding a steady and accurate racquet; Francis T. Hunter was coming up, growing stronger each day in ability and confidence. But the great Tilden was becoming worn out by too much play—he could not stand the pace forever; Johnston had begun to age; Hunter had not yet shown sufficient ability and stamina; and the unlooked for, but the inevitable, happened. The championship passed to the "indomitable Gauls"—to René La Coste in the year 1926—and in that blood-drenched land, the true cock-pit of Europe, it has remained, ably defended by the Three Musketeers: La Coste, Cochet and Borotra—a remarkable trio—to whom should be added a fourth Musketeer—Jacques Brugnon.

When René La Coste, in 1927, added to his French title and his two Davis Cup victories the Championship of the United States of America for the second time, all questions as to his great ability were silenced. "Never has any player clinched his place more conclusively nor more deservedly," said

"Big Bill" Tilden of this French Ace, "for he won it against all opponents in various countries. He met the greatest. At their best he beat them all."

Jean-René La Coste, born at Leine, July 2, 1905, is the son of a champion French oarsman, who is now a prosperous dealer in automobiles. René, as he is popularly called, was a sallow-faced, rather delicate-looking boy of fifteen, wearing a cap to protect his head from the sun, when he first flashed into the limelight. This was in 1920 at Brussels, capital of Belgium, where he entered the tournament to find himself opposed to Roper Barrett, a veteran who had waged a five-set battle with Morris McLoughlin—when the California "Flash" had gone over to test British mettle at Wimbledon in 1913—and had just been "nosed out." The match was a test of real nerve, for La Coste was but a schoolboy player; yet at the end of the contest he had vanquished the astute Barrett, and immediately found himself in the glare of publicity.

A year after this he won the Covered Court Championship of France and was later selected to represent his country on the Davis Cup team. A year later he won the cup at Wimbledon. At For-

est Hills, New York, at the West Side Tennis Club, during the week of September 12, 1927, La Coste defeated W. T. Tilden 2nd in the final round of the 46th championship meeting of the United States of America, by three straight sets: 11—9, 6—3, 11—9. Fighting heroically all the way, "Big Bill" went down to defeat despite his wizardry with the racquet and remarkable knowledge of the game. He was exhausted at the completion of the match, which was surveyed by 15,000 spectators with breathless interest.

La Coste, like General Joffre, is a stoical Frenchman without nerves or impetuosity of temperament. He first learned to play by knocking the balls against the wall in his father's back-yard and then entered the local tournaments about the city of Paris. He kept good hours and was continuously in training—a glutton for practice, who perpetually looked after self-improvement. On the night before his first victory over Tilden, at Germantown, Pennsylvania, in 1926, some of those who were sitting on the porch in the dusk could hear René knocking the ball up against the wall of the stand. The courts themselves were closed. On the morrow the fruit of this faithful practice was gathered—he defeated Tilden. His skill, and the

prizes which it has brought him, are the product of hard work and of determined self-discipline.

After his defeat by the methodical Gaul, "Big Bill" gave La Coste all credit. "I have played many tennis matches," said he, "but I have seldom played better than against La Coste in the final round. I was keen and at my best, both physically and mentally. But this was not quite good enough. La Coste was flawless in any attack which I could launch against him. His judgment was keen and reliable. His courage and unfailing determination to win are remarkable for their presence under adversity or success. Many players can play from behind and many can play from ahead, but La Coste can play from both positions.

"I would have liked to win," he continued, "but my best was not quite good enough, so I let the match pass into history with no regrets, but only sincere admiration for a mighty champion who won. He is not a genius like Cochet. His best is not quite as good as Cochet's very best, but he plays it much oftener."

"Tilden looked grim, and gaunt, and tired in this propitious match," said a reporter in the *New York World.* "Yet there was about him a lonely dynasty that commanded respect. The truth is

that René La Coste is not the sort of person to set people dancing in the streets. They acknowledge that he is the greatest player in the world, and they marvel at his mechanical game. If they meet him, they like him. He is grave, courteous, unassuming. But in the court he is not a spectacular figure.

"His face—always shaded by a gray, ordinary cap—is impassive. Beside him—Helen Wills' poker face looks vivacious. His rather frail build and his perpetual air of gentle melancholy give a mistaken impression of timidity. You wonder how this slight youth has the nerve to face the smashing six-foot Tilden—Tilden of the lantern jaw, the massive shoulders, and the ferocious attack.

"But then you see him—precise, meticulous, unhurried, wearing down 'Big Bill' as surely as the water wears away the rock. Unless you watch him closely, the very perfection of his stroking will deceive you. Watch still more closely and you will see certain other things: that he hardly ever takes a drink of water as he changes courts, for instance, or that he carefully protects his extra racquets from the sun's rays."

The team spirit which La Coste fostered in the French aspirants for tennis honors helped to win the Davis Cup for France after many years of

striving. His optimistic courage, his patience, his good-will and excellent humor aided and abetted the Four Musketeers to victory. Calm and undynamic, René has a head too old and set for his years. He never looks at the gallery, but plays tennis quietly and carefully, almost like a child performing a difficult task; his game is like himself—quiet, classical, and the result of years of hard work and steady practice rather than of natural facility.

René La Coste is conceded by all critics to be the greatest living base-line player (1929-30). He is also master of the strategical phases of the game: cool and resourceful, presenting to his opponents an appearance of unemotional stability that is, in itself, a great weapon. He has a phenomenal accuracy that is heart-breaking to his opponent. The most modest of men, he carries his success with great simplicity—a simplicity which makes him honored and respected throughout the world of sport.

The perfection of his game has been accomplished by the hardest kind of hard work, and towards the attainment of victory the champion Frenchman has had two aids, which are open to every tennis enthusiast—a complete collection of

books upon his favorite sport, and a concrete wall, which has to be reconstructed each year because of the many balls which are driven against its plastic side. "I do not understand," says he, "how Cochet and Brugnon on the court so readily find the best reply to any particular attack, for by studying the play of my adversaries for a long time in advance, I sometimes succeed in producing the strokes to beat them."

When the Champion was thirteen years of age, his father decided to send him to England in order to enable him to improve his "abominable English accent," and he purchased for his son, at his request, a tennis racquet which soon became a daily friend. René played tennis from morning until night, even scaling the walls of the club grounds after they had been closed, in order to tussle with a chum stimulated by an equal tennis ambition. Still later, René entered the local English tournament, was beaten 6—0, 6—1, and departed for France the next day, a badly disillusioned and disappointed youth. He was thoroughly disgusted with himself.

On the courts around Paris the youthful athlete devoted himself to the game on every possible occasion, and, under the tutelage of Henri Darsowal,

a celebrated teacher of tennis, he began to learn how to play really well. Tucked away in a convenient drawer he kept a number of notebooks in which he jotted down the records of his victories and defeats, so that he had an ever-fresh record of his faults, his good points, and his condition. For this notebook an American journalist, in 1927, offered him one thousand dollars.

René passed all of his holidays on the courts; tennis became a passion with him—a passion of which his father fully approved, for he, himself, had been a great sculler and had won many a race. He appreciated the ambitions of every athlete. In 1921 the coming Champion took part with great success in several interschool contests, and then entered a tournament at Dinard, where he was defeated by one Antoine Gentien—a youth who was one year younger than himself. This event brought forth the following remark from his father:

"Don't you think that it would be well to abandon a sport for which it is evident that you have no aptitude?"

"By all means, no," tartly replied René. "Let me play a bit longer and I know that I will then improve sufficiently to win."

His father nodded his head.

"So be it, son," he replied. "Now let us see you do something."

Two months later René defeated the same Gentien who had taken his measure at Dinard, and shortly after this, he won the French Junior Championship in the covered courts.

In 1922, at Brussels, Belgium, he played his first international match and outpointed (as we have noted before) Roper Barrett and De Poncheville —an excellent player from Lille. Later on he was eliminated from play in time to return to Paris to take his examinations at school. But he was encouraged, and from then on entered many tournaments in which he improved rapidly. In 1923 he really began to "arrive," taking a set from Borotra in January, and later he overthrew the "Bounding Basque" for the Championship of France. Put out of the running at St. Cloud, he was later chosen to represent France in the Davis Cup matches and left for America with Brugnon and Hirsch, only to meet with defeat. Four years later, on September 8, 1927, he won from "Big Bill" Tilden—and the Davis Cup passed to France. Of this event he has said: "In winning my first Championship for France, I met an exacting mis-

tress who has asked much of me but has greatly helped me in that she has stimulated my ambition always to play better and to represent my country well."

"I probably devote more time to physical training than most players," the Champion has written. "For a considerable period before each tournament I endeavor to lead a regular life. I never smoke and I drink but little alcohol. Each morning when I am training to play in a tournament I execute a series of breathing exercises and do a little rope-skipping. I find it satisfactory before a tournament to play golf for two weeks, which is an excellent exercise for gradually preparing a tennis player for the more violent efforts which he will have subsequently to put forth upon the courts."

"La Coste never beats himself," writes "Big Bill" Tilden. "He does not get excited and does not get rattled. He keeps on playing tennis no matter how the game is going. He is very great, but I consider Cochet a brilliant athlete, for he has everything, and this includes unusual grace and style."

The Second Musketeer, Henri Cochet, was born in 1901 at Lyons, France, where his father owned several tennis courts. In 1922 he was the sensation

of the tennis world, just as Brugnon had been in 1920, Borotra in 1921, and La Coste in 1923. This able racquet-wielder is short, stocky, graceful, speedy, and versatile. He is daring—loves to stand around in mid-court and use a half-volley—and drives with a short, peculiar, and flattish swing, which deceives his opponent and disguises his shot until the ball is fairly hit. His backhand stroke is particularly excellent, yet he is often listless and careless—seemingly willing to get himself into bad holes from which to extricate himself. He plays best when behind.

The Second Musketeer executes a remarkable forehand blow, preparing this stroke by bringing the racquet back only a trifle without shifting the elbow away from the body. He plays mainly with the forehand and wrist, but little with the arm. He takes the ball nearer the body than any other player and his arm rarely unbends to the fall when the ball is struck. He gets great speed in his forehand stroke by the manner in which he carries his shoulders forward, leaning tremendously, so that he would fall, were his feet not well placed and did he not start forward immediately when he strikes the ball. Cochet imparts no spin to the sphere, save when he strikes a low bouncer, and then he forces

the ball over the tape with a stinging turn of the wrist. He is best on high balls and is a remarkable volleyer.

This speedy Gaul anticipates the strokes of his opponent with marvelous precision—it is said of him that he seems to know the intentions of his antagonist before his vis-à-vis himself is aware of it. There is scarcely a player who volleys better than he does—all of his smashes being long with scarcely a rebound. As soon as he gets a high ball, he draws up to the net, stroking it with all his strength and placing it across the court beyond the reach of the fastest player. In the most important matches he often allows himself to fall into the most careless indifference, and, of a sudden, bounds forward again with wonderful energy. Mentally, he is what he is physically—indolent—yet with strangely brilliant flashes of nervous activity.

Of all the Musketeers, he is the most popular, for he possesses simplicity of manner, self-confidence blended with modesty, and wonderful courage when he is placed in a desperate situation—a phase which all spectators love to watch.

In 1926 when playing for the Championship of the United States, Cochet met Tilden and defeated the erstwhile wizard, but not with any ease. Bo-

rotra beat both Richards and Johnston, and thus the finals of the National Singles, for the first time in history, were played between two Frenchmen: La Coste and Borotra—the former being winner and thus Champion of the United States, a sad and disappointing spectacle to all patriotic Americans. Yet England had become quite used to French supremacy, and America also was to admit that her own sons were to fall before Gallic superiority. Prior to the finals La Coste had defeated "Big Bill" at Germantown, so that the hope and mainstay of American tennis had gone down twice before the racquets of two of the Four Musketeers. "Big Bill" was then thirty years of age—nine years older than Cochet, and had begun to "wear out."

In 1927 the Davis Cup passed from the land of its inception—the challenge round for the trophy being played at the Germantown Cricket Club, Pennsylvania, September 8, with results as follows:

La Coste (France) defeated Johnston (U. S.) 6—3, 6—2, 6—2.

Tilden (U. S.) defeated Cochet (France) 6—4, 2—6, 6—2, 8—6.

On September 9 Tilden and Hunter (U. S.) won

from Borotra and Brugnon (France) 3—6, 6—3, 4—6, 6—0.

France, however, clinched her victory on Saturday, September 10, by winning the two remaining singles matches.

Cochet (France) defeated Johnston (U. S.) 6—4, 4—6, 6—2, 6—4.

La Coste (France) won from Tilden (U. S.) 6—2, 4—6, 6—3, 6—2.

The reign of the United States as Champion had lasted for seven years, which is the longest period of successful defense since the initial event in 1900.

Jean Borotra, the "Bounding Basque," born at Biarritz, August 13, 1898, is the Third Musketeer, and the most picturesque of the Four Racqueteers. He hails from the Basque country where one's lungs become impregnated with volatile mountain air which gets into the blood like champagne. He is filled with dash and "pep," wears a strange velvet turban on his round head (characteristic of his particular province) and is witty in both public and private speech. He possesses an angelic smile, an ever-buoyant figure, appearing like a gay cavalier; but he is a good tactician, and, when in 1926 he met both "Billy" Johnston and "Vinny" Richards in the National Championship

at Forest Hills, he stood out at once—a marked man of the courts.

At first the "Bounding Basque" was often beaten by Cochet, but in 1924 he became the Champion of France, and still later on, Champion at Wimbledon. "His smile in defeat and in victory, his spontaneousness, his courage, his humor, his audacity, make him a player without equal," says René La Coste. "The crowd likes the 'Bounding Basque' because it sees in him the manifestations of the high ideal in sport."

Traveling to Melbourne, Australia, in 1927, Jean Borotra won all the national titles of the island empire and returned to the United States to win the National Indoor Championship at the 7th Regiment Armory, New York City. Fighting his way through a list of representative Americans, he met Francis T. Hunter in the final match, and trounced him 6—4, 6—0, 4—6, 8—6. He has never yet defeated Tilden on a turf court, although he has endeavored to do so. Learning to play on the covered courts at Paris, France, where the balls bounce very high, he consequently plays very fast. Owing to this fact he plays an extremely aggressive game and is most effective on a slow court.

"Borotra has the reputation of playing tennis

without reflecting," says René La Coste of his brilliant compatriot, "but no reputation is less deserved. When he beat me at Wimbledon in 1927, right at the beginning of the match he noticed that I could not pass him with my backhand stroke. Instead of ceaselessly attacking my backhand, therefore, which would have allowed me to tune it up, he saw the wisdom of rarely playing in the left court, contenting himself with winning his service up to 4 games all. But then, in four rapid returns, which he placed upon my backhand, followed by four volleys, he won my service, the game, and the set with the following game. The second set was a repetition of the first. During the third and fourth sets he remained at the back of the court, resting, playing on my forehand stroke, lulling me into a sense of absolute confidence. In the fifth set, however, encouraged by the spectators, who delighted to see him again bounding forward at the net, after thinking him to be dying during two sets, Borotra cut loose such a series of attacks upon my backhand play, that I could win only two games. I was filled with admiration for his intelligence and cleverness."

Tilden has said of Borotra, "There are times when he is like a forest fire, but after such emo-

tional outbursts he is more likely to burn himself out for the next match."

In 1928 the United States attempted to win back the Davis Cup, but again met with defeat, the matches being played at Auteuil, Paris, France, on July 27-30.

July 27

Tilden (U. S.) defeated La Coste (France) 1—6, 6—4, 6—4, 3—6, 6—3.

Cochet (France) won from John Hennessey (U. S.) 5—7, 9—7, 6—3, 6—0.

July 28

Cochet and Borotra (France) defeated Tilden and Hunter (U. S.) 6—4, 6—8, 7—5, 4—6, 6—2.

July 30

Cochet (France) defeated Tilden (U. S.) 9—7, 8—6, 6—4.

La Coste (France) also beat Hennessey (U. S.) 4—6, 6—1, 7—5, 6—3.

On Monday, July 30, the virtual end came to the hopes of the Yankee team, when Cochet defeated Tilden in as fine a match as has ever been witnessed in any land. The French ace rose to superb heights and was acclaimed the national hero of his country

—was lifted upon the shoulders of his admirers and carried off the court, and amidst vociferous cheering of the French adherents, was marched before patriotic throngs. *"Vive la Cochet! Vive la France!"* was heard on every side.

The Davis Cup was not to leave the land of the Gauls, yet the Fourth Musketeer, Jacques Brugnon, had had no part in its defense. This steady racqueteer has not won the fame of his compatriots in singles, but has contributed his share to the rise of France in the lawn-tennis world. In 1929 he held the doubles championship of England, France and Australia—a worthy tribute to his skill with the racquet. He has been a remarkable asset to the French team as his adaptability has made it possible to pair him up on court with any one of the other three champions.

The Fourth Musketeer, born at Paris, March 11, 1895, is very modest and has not sufficient self-confidence, but with an audacious partner in doubles he becomes a veritable flash of ability. In France he is most popular with the public, as he possesses elegance and distinction which he always retains upon the court. "He is," says La Coste, "not sufficiently ambitious in singles, but he is making constant progress. In doubles he

wins, whatever partner he may select. Less athletic than Cochet and Borotra, but with a wrist of firm iron, he imparts to the ball the most extraordinary speed with the most disconcerting twists."

In 1929, France with its three superlative wielders of the racquet again defeated the United States, three matches to two, the scores being as follows:

July 26: Henri Cochet (France) defeated Wm. Tilden (U. S.) 6—3, 6—1, and 6—2.

Jean Borotra (France) defeated George Lott (U. S.) 6—1, 3—6, 6—4, and 7—5.

July 27 : John Van Ryn (U. S.) and Wilmer Allison (U. S.) won from Cochet and Borotra (France) 6—1, 8—6, and 6—4

July 28: Wm. T. Tilden (U. S.) defeated Jean Borotra (France) 4—6, 6—1, 6—4, and 7—5.

Cochet (France) won from Lott (U. S.) 6—1, 3—6, 6—0, and 6—3.

In the Davis Cup Finals at Auteuil, France, in July, 1930, France again triumphed against the American team, René La Coste being absent because of his recent retirement from tournaments.

July 25 : W. T. Tilden (U. S.) defeated Jean Borotra (France) 2—6, 7—5, 6—4, 7—5.

Henri Cochet (France) defeated George Lott, Jr. (U. S.) 6—4, 6—2, 6—2.

July 26 : Cochet and Brugnon (France) defeated Allison and Van Ryn (U. S.) in the doubles 6—3, 7—5, 1—6, and 6—2.

July 27 : Borotra (France) defeated Lott (U. S.) 5—7, 6—3, 6—2, 8—6.

Cochet (France) defeated Tilden (U. S.) 4—6, 6—3, 6—1, 7—5.

Once more the welkin rang for the three of the Four Musketeers who had kept the mighty tennis trophy in the land of the Gauls. And, over in the United States, the athletes girded their loins for another try at the Cup, which they hoped to carry back to the soil from which it came.

It is fortunate that the Four Musketeers have in their temperaments one point in common—that of being fine sportsmen and perfect friends. When one of them wins in a big tournament, the rest are not jealous of his triumph, but are stimulated in turn to "go and do likewise." This understanding, like the mighty cry of "*à moi*" from the throats of the famous characters created by Alexandre Dumas, has made them what they are: the Champions of the Realm of Tennis throughout the entire world. May their reign be longer than that of Athos, Porthos, Aramis, and D'Artagnan, and may the modern musketeers suffer no such unfortunate

finale to their bright careers as that which came to those comrades-in-arms who crossed the will of the cruel, sagacious, and ruthless Cardinal Richelieu of the Royal Court. *Long life to the Four Tennis Musketeers!*

The Four Musketeers of France

Jean-René La Coste
Henri Cochet
Jean Borotra
Jacques Brugnon

1927 Won the Davis Cup against the United States, 3 matches to 2. Took it to France.

1928 Retained the Davis Cup, defeating the United States team 4 matches to 1.

1929 Again retained the Davis Cup, defeating the United States 3 matches to 2.

France retained the Davis Cup until 1933. Although LaCoste captained the team during the Cup matches in 1930, 1931 and 1932, he was unable to play, due to illness. Christian Boussus took his place.

Of the "Four Musketeers," Henri Cochet turned professional and in 1935 was appointed Ambassador at Large of Tennis by both the French Ministry of Foreign Affairs and the Ministry of Education. In 1940, Jean Borotra, after escaping the Germans three times as an artillery Captain, went to Vichy to become Secretary General of Physical Education.

GEORGE OWEN, JR.:
ACE OF HOCKEY PLAYERS

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CHAPTER VIII

GEORGE OWEN, JR.: ACE OF HOCKEY PLAYERS

When Autumn goes, the Ice-King comes,
O'er frozen hills his rule begins,
His touch is chill, his breath benumbs,
On glassy lakes the ice-boat wings,
And cries of joy show where the "puck"
Is struck and driv'n by skaters' pluck.
Sing, ho! To the King of the Ice and Snow,
Who brings us sport on the glossy floe!

The fastest game in the realm of sports is ice hockey, which is becoming so popular in the United States that even football and baseball cannot draw the equal of its wildly enthusiastic fans. It may be said to be a Canadian present to the United States in return for the gift of baseball to the Dominion, although there is historical basis for the assumption that the ancient game of hockey was introduced to this country by the Norselanders, its offspring being hockey in Canada and shinny in the United States. The first attempt at standardization of the game by both countries was in 1894, when, as the result of an argument among Cana-

dian and American tennis players, who were also hockey players, an American team visited Canada and tried out the two different types of games. This team from the United States was led by George Wright, and included William A. Larned, Malcolm Chase, T. Henry Clarkson, G. Matheson, Arthur Foote and Alexander Meiklejohn, formerly President of Amherst and now at the University of Wisconsin. After their experiment, it was agreed that the Canadian game was superior to the American, and it is the Canadian hockey which has since been played, with occasional modifications.

In the United States amateur hockey flourished, especially in the East, from 1907 to 1926. There was an excellent amateur league in Manhattan, comprising the Wanderers, the Irish-Americans, New York Athletic Club, and St. Nicholas, with which the redoubtable "Bob" Wrenn, ex-tennis champion, and W. A. Larned played. The games were usually played on Sunday nights at the rink in Madison Square Garden, and sometimes drew as many as 18,000 spectators.

But amateur hockey was forced to take a back seat, when, in 1926, a well-known Canadian professional hockey-team owner, "Tom" Duggan by name, went to New York and succeeded in inter-

esting the late "Tex" Rickard, promoter of boxing contests, in professional hockey. Boston had already entered the National Hockey League, which is the ultimate goal of every professional hockey player, two years before, and now with New York, Pittsburgh, Detroit and Chicago following her lead, professional hockey was well on its way to popularity in this country. Although hockey had been played for a great many years in both the United States and Canada, it never gave much promise of commanding large gate-receipts until the old Arena in Boston was built. Hitherto, the spectators had been compelled to sit on a snow bank around the ice pond, freezing steadily in spite of the thrills afforded by the flying and leaping performers on the ice. The outdoor game was also very uncertain because of variable weather conditions. It was almost impossible to arrange a schedule of games, for today the ice might be smooth and solid and tomorrow slushy and melting. But the day ice hockey went indoors, where spectators could sit in comfort, out of the chill north wind, then the game's popularity began a phenomenal growth. The professional game today does over $50,000,000 worth of business and draws from three to four million spectators. It has been

steadily moving south, and is now played in Texas, Oklahoma, Kansas, and even Southern California.

Hockey is extremely popular in Canada, although it has never attained such proportions there as in the United States, because the Canadian game is not played indoors as much as the American one.

In Canada, of course, boys grow up with hockey sticks in their hands and skates on their feet. At the age of thirteen or fourteen, a Canadian boy signs up with one of the Midget Clubs, controlled by the Canadian Amateur Hockey Association, and, from the very first, is drilled with the importance of team play. He is encouraged by the fact that he will be credited with one point in the individual scoring list, whether he actually shoots the winning goal or passes it to his mate for him to score. He is trained not to "play the hog," but to work with his fellows. By easy stages, he graduates from Midget to Juvenile, and then to Junior. At the age of twenty he becomes a Senior, and can either turn professional or continue as an amateur player. Toronto is the center of amateur hockey. There are more teams and leagues in Ontario than in all of Canada and the United States put together.

Hockey is no gentle sport. It offers more op-

portunities for men to maim, bruise, batter, smash, and slash each other than any other game, including football. Flying men, with hickory sticks, spurred on by a shrieking gallery, forget everything in the furious chase of the bobbing "puck." The sporting public today likes plenty of action, and its desires are gratified in the speed of ice hockey. The game itself shifts with such incredible rapidity from one end of the rink to the other that both competing teams are always threatening to score, which means that the spectator's interest is kept at fever heat. The action is continuous: there is no time out, no possibility for stalling, and the whistle blows but rarely. "Breaks" in hockey mean very little, because the game is just one "break" after another at split second intervals throughout the battle.

The players—six on a side, including the goalkeeper—get plenty of bumps. "Ching" Johnson of the New York Rangers has twenty-seven scars and a mended broken collar-bone, ankle and jaw. "Cully" Wilson of the Chicago Black Hawks has had seventy-four stitches taken in his face. Everyone who plays hockey for any length of time comes out with marks of the severe contest in which he has engaged.

In such a swift game the referee is kept busy noting transgressions of the rules. The most recognized offenses are "slashing," "hooking," and tripping. If any player other than the goal-keeper, who may take any position he chooses to stop a shot, kneels or throws himself on the ice to prevent a goal, he is guilty of a minor foul. If a player trips an opponent when a goal is not in danger, it constitutes but a minor foul, the player being ruled off the ice for only two minutes; but if he trips to prevent a goal, he goes to the penalty box for five minutes. A second major foul keeps him out ten minutes, and a third keeps him out for the rest of the match.

There are times when a player deliberately incurs a major foul, knowing that his captain will approve his tactics, even though the gallery "boos" him off the ice. For, should the score be dangerously close, or tied, he knows that it will be well worth a five-minute penalty to prevent a goal by his opponents. But this strategy does not always work, as the opposite side may score through mere force of numbers, as no one can be allowed to take the place of a player ruled off the ice for a minor or major foul.

Rough play is easy in ice hockey, and is respon-

sible for the individual clashes, which sometimes develop into team clashes, involving even the spectators. Such roughness is induced in the use of the "butt end," a play in which the player holds his stick parallel with the floor and sticks his opponent in the body; and the "cross check," in which the player strikes at the face.

All of these devices keep the referee busy, and he must be ever alert and ready to maintain fair play. If he blows his whistle too much, he slows up the game and ruins it for the spectators; whereas, if he blows it too little, the players soon become exhausted, and the game is entirely spoiled for everybody. The referee is constantly between the devil and the deep blue sea. Two referees are really necessary in most matches—one to watch for off-side play, and the other to watch for fouls. They change positions as soon as the "puck" changes position. An old player once remarked, "If any nimble-footed, fearless sportsman wants an evening's work which will try his nerves, his strength, and his patience to the utmost, let him volunteer for refereeing service."

A successful ice hockey player must be a man who is very active on his feet, quick with his hand, keen of eye, and of extremely alert faculties. He

must, *ça va sans dire,* be an expert on skates; for almost every trick that can be performed on skates is needed in the game. He should be mounted on regulation ice hockey skates, the blades of which are almost straight upon the bottom and thus better adapted to taking turns and making the sudden stops necessary in the quick play of the game.

An accomplishment, much practised in Canada, is jumping over the stick of an opponent while under full headway, to avoid a fall or trip. The players must be athletes of exceptional endurance and have any amount of grit. Such players were William A. Larned, Henry W. Slocum and "Bob" Wrenn, old tennis champions, and also Arthur E. Foote and Malcolm G. Chase of Yale, who not only played great tennis, but introduced ice hockey at Yale. "Hobey" Baker, of St. Paul's School and Princeton, is considered by most sports writers to have been the greatest player America has seen in recent years.

"I have seen 'Hobey' Baker thrown, bumped, and tripped," said Thomas J. Fisher, an old hockey player, "but never did he pay any attention to the offender. He was always on his feet again, and, like a flash, after the 'puck.' His example

was most inspiring to both players and public, and never have I seen a crowd at a hockey game evince such a high standard of sportsmanship as the crowds that used to jam the Boston Arena to watch him play, for the first sign of rough or illegal play was 'booed' to the echo. Baker had, among other outstanding accomplishments, one which is seldom, or never, equaled—that of carrying the 'puck' without once looking at it after gaining control. Most people who saw 'Hobey' play will agree with the newspaper which said: 'Baker is regarded as the best hockey player in the United States. He is a marvel of speed and dodging on the ice. He is credited by many hockeyites as being the equal of any of the Canadian players, including the professionals, and he is without a peer in this branch of athletics in this country.'

"Howell Von Gerbig was most like 'Hobey' Baker, his predecessor, in ability. He was a beautiful skater, had tremendous speed and stamina, expert stick work, and packed a bullet-like shot."

It is to be regretted that the great "Hobey" Baker, after passing unscathed through the World War, should have lost his life in an airplane accident, but that is the strange working of Fate.

His memory still thrills those who once witnessed this superlative athlete in action.

Today one of the outstanding hockey players is George Owen, Jr., a brilliant performer on the ice and a fine all-round athlete. Perhaps his skill in hockey may have some remote connection with the fact that he was born in Canada (Hamilton, Ontario, in 1901) and dwelt there just two years before moving to the States. He then lived in Newton, Massachusetts, where he attended Newton High School and participated in football, baseball and hockey. Newton High School's roster bears the names of a great many excellent athletes, who later brought their colleges fame and glory through their prowess in sports that had been so well fostered in high-school days.

In 1919, Owen entered Harvard University, and as a freshman played as a regular on the class football, baseball, and hockey teams. He played three years on the Varsity football team; three years of baseball, being captain of the team in his senior year; and two years of hockey. While at Harvard he won nine Varsity letters. The teams on which he played won eleven straight contests in football, baseball and hockey. In his senior year, he was the main thrust of the Harvard

eleven, and it was chiefly through his wonderful running and dodging that his team defeated Yale that year.

In 1924, after graduating from Harvard, Owen was assistant coach of the Varsity football team. In the next few years following, he played amateur hockey with the Boston Hockey Club, Boston Athletic Association, and University Club. Then, in January, 1929, Owen entered the field of professional hockey with the Boston Bruins, a team which won the so-called World's Professional Hockey Championship that year, and showed a net profit to the club of $200,600. These victorious players drew more than $575,000 in gate-receipts, and, as there were only thirty-four shareholders of the 450 shares of preferred stock and 3000 shares of common it is apparent that a winning hockey team is almost as profitable as a champion baseball nine. At the close of the season, Norman Gainor, left wing of the Bruins, led in points over all professional competitors in his league; and "Cooney" Weiland was a tie for second position with "Frankie" Boucher and "Bill" Cook of the New York Rangers; while "Dit" Clapper, a third member of the Boston team, led all scorers in the section with fourteen goals.

George Owen, Jr., came in for all the glory of the victories of the Bruins and aided very materially in their final triumph, although he was used mainly as a "spare." He and his team were members of the so-called American Group of Professional Hockey Players, consisting of Boston, the New York Rangers, Pittsburgh, Detroit and Chicago. The other famous group of professionals was called the International Group, and consisted of Ottawa, the Maroons (Montreal), the Canadiens (Toronto), and the New York Americans. Owen stands out as a versatile and courageous amateur and professional hockey player, and is conceded by all to have been quite as remarkable a college athlete as the late, lamented Major Percy D. Haughton, and R. D. ("Bob") Wrenn.

But for all his skill and enjoyment of the game of hockey, George Owen declares that he would rather have been a tennis champion. He has an excellent physique, and he neither smokes nor drinks. Since graduating from college, he has been engaged in the brokerage business, and really considers hockey-playing his avocation and a diversion. He is married to the former Miss Leonora Trafford of Milton, Massachusetts, where he lives now, and has two sturdy children, a boy and a

girl. Such is the career of George Owen, Jr., the greatest college hockey player since "Hobey" Baker of St. Paul's School and Princeton.

George Owen, Jr.: Ace of Hockey Players

1919-20 Entered Harvard University, and, as a freshman played as a regular on the class football, baseball, and hockey teams.

1920-21 As a sophomore, played half-back on the Varsity football team, defense on the Varsity hockey team, and first-base on the Varsity baseball nine.

1921-22 As a junior, engaged in the same sports and won three more letters.

1922-23 As a senior, he duplicated his achievements of the sophomore and junior years, and was captain of the Varsity baseball team. Won nine Varsity letters when at Harvard.

1924 Was assistant back-field coach of the Harvard Varsity football team.

1925-29 Played amateur hockey with the Boston Hockey Club, Boston Athletic Association, and the University Club.

1929 On January 8, made an auspicious start as a member of the Boston Bruins, a pro-

fessional hockey team, against the Toronto Club of the National Hockey League.

Played defense for the Bruins and was used as a "spare" the rest of the 1929 season.

The Bruins won the Stanley Cup and the World's Ice Hockey Championship.

1930 Played with the Bruins as a defense man and forward, and is considered the greatest college hockey player since "Hobey" Baker.

1931 Played with the Bruins as defense man and forward.

1932 Played with the Bruins as defense man and forward.

Owen retired from hockey in 1932 and since that time he has been a stock and bond salesman and then in business for himself—Investment Management. Since Pearl Harbor he has been working in a munitions factory. He coaches the hockey team at Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and plays amateur tennis now as a diversion.

EARLE SANDE:
PRINCE OF JOCKEYS

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EARLE SANDE

CHAPTER IX

EARLE SANDE: PRINCE OF JOCKEYS

A steed as black as the steeds of night,
Was seen to pass, as with eagle's flight
Bringing Sande into the fray,
And—Almabel—forty rods away.

It was Derby Day, May 15, 1925, in Kentucky. More than 75,000 lovers of good horses cramming the enclosure at Churchill Downs, Louisville, saw a wonderful ride by a wonderful master of the game. The unlooked for transpired: a rank outsider, a thirty to one shot, breezed home before a field of twenty three-year-olds, and thus gained for his owner the magnificent purse of $52,000!

Gifford Cochran of New York was the owner of a black three-year-old which had been named Flying Ebony, quite in keeping with his future career. He was a lanky, rather phlegmatic horse, and when he was entered during the winter months for the great Kentucky Classic, to be run in the warmth of Maytime, so slightly was this black glossy-sided colt considered that he was quoted at thirty to one.

Thirty to one against Flying Ebony! Little was thought of him by those who watched the performances of the three-year-olds on the training jaunts, and still less when the stop-watch was held against his running. Thirty to one and no jockey eager to swing a leg over him! A horse already quoted as an "Also Ran," and believed to have not the ghost of a chance in the wild scramble of twenty at the barrier. Mr. Cochran was running his hand through his hair and wondering whom he could get to pilot this unknown possibility down the course. But chance stood at his side and beckoned favorably to him.

As Gifford Cochran walked away from the stables one day, his head down, his reflections gloomy over the prospect, he heard a low voice.

"Mr. Cochran."

Before him stood a freckle-faced, sandy-haired youth, a pleasant smile on his countenance.

"Yes, what is it?"

"I am Earle Sande, Mr. Cochran, and I find on coming to the Blue Grass State that I am unable to ride the horse for which I had been engaged, as he has been withdrawn. Have you an opportunity—"

The face of Gifford Cochran beamed.

"The very thing for you—my black colt, phlegmatic, but game; sulky, but responds to the urge. He's way down in the betting odds—so much the better for me—for, really no one knows his possibilities—will you—"

"I'll be glad to try."

"Boy, you're engaged."

And with those words, the old-time racing man secured a master at the game, a jockey who had the intelligence, the knowledge, and the capability to get the very best out of his mount. It was a lucky moment for Gifford Cochran. The Goddess of Luck had been good to him. If any jockey could give a horse an honest and capable ride, that person was Earle Sande.

The day of the big race was perfect, with a great deal of humidity in the air and the sun shining fitfully from behind fleecy cloud banks. Governors, political leaders, men of note in business and finance, and members of the social sets from all the big cities of the country were at the oval of Churchill Downs. Between eight and ten thousand out-of-state automobiles came into Kentucky that day, and every bit of available parking space at the course was occupied.

The horses paraded by the stands, and they

looked, for all the world alike, to the onlookers. Captain Hal, a clean-limbed thoroughbred, was the favorite; while Single Foot and Son of John looked dangerous. There were Step Along, Swope, Needle Gun, Kentucky Card, Boon Companion, Quotation, Broadway Jones, Almabel, Backbone, Election, The Bat, Lee O'Cotner, Voltaire, Chief Uncas, Sweeping Away, Prince of Bourbon and last but not least, the unheralded, unthought-of, weedy colt, Flying Ebony.

Hah! they are at the barrier. The little flags droop languidly in the sultry air and the high-strung thoroughbreds prance and cavort about in a ragged line. But at length they are in the semblance of a straight alignment.

The flag waves downward, and—with a mighty ah! a kind of a sob, as if from a monster wave from the sea, but coming from thousands of expectant throats—they are off!

Single Foot is quickest at the barrier. Out in front sprints the game colt, his neck distended, his tiny jockey crouched over his shoulders. But Captain Hal, the favorite, and Flying Ebony, the rank outsider, are close up behind; they have the jump on the field, and with a roar and a thud the seventeen other contestants crowd on their flanks.

The quarter-mile post is reached.

Flying Ebony takes the pole, with Sande urging the unknown possibility as he alone knows how to urge a mount. Captain Hal surges forward; he challenges the galloping hoofs of the thirty to one shot; he goes to the front with Sande rating his mount nicely within striking distance of the favorite, never allowing his rider to gain more than a slight advantage.

The half is reached and is behind them.

They are well bunched: Captain Hal still slightly in the lead, the black colt clinging to him like a leech, the field thundering down upon them in a cluster.

The half-mile post is passed; they reach the three-quarter-mile post, they swing into the home stretch.

A mighty roar mounts into the moisture-laden air.

"Come on, Captain Hal!"

He leads by more than a length.

On—on—on thunder the hoofs of Sande's mount.

On—on—on—the black colt draws up even with the favorite; while Son of John presses him closely in the rear. Stride by stride Flying Ebony cuts

down the advantage gained upon him by Captain Hal. On—on he goes, sprinting past the tiring favorite, Sande crouched well forward, urging his unheralded mount as he alone can urge. He steps out in front.

"Come on, you Flying Ebony!"

"Come on, you Captain Hal!"

A roar, a mighty shout comes from the crowded enclosure, as with a flash, a rush and swirl a black colt with a rider who wears green sleeves with white hoops flashes past the finish line. He wins! He wins! Sande wins with Flying Ebony! Hurrah!

The time was 2.07⅘ minutes; the distance, one mile and a quarter; the purse, $52,000.

There was a remarkable demonstration at the end of the running of this great classic, for Sande's popularity throughout the United States was responsible for his reception when he returned to the scales. Fences and police-barriers were nothing to that crowd, as it surged over the track.

Sande was the last to return to be weighed in. The cheering grew with a roar as the populace recognized his green sleeves with white hoops, and above was a face beaming with the joy of victory and wreathed with smiles of happiness.

First there was thrust into his arms a gorgeous

bouquet of American beauty roses; then there was wound about the arched neck of the game thoroughbred which he had ridden, a magnificent floral horseshoe; while horse and jockey posed for photographs for both press and movies. The fifty-first running of the great Kentucky Derby had been a marvelous event, but a cloud-burst, which now drenched the spectators, made them scurry to shelter and dampened any further demonstrations. Derby Day was over.

"To get all there is out of a mount is an art. A horse knows when he has a real rider on his back and he responds. A master-rider can get wonders out of a really phlegmatic animal—he can accomplish the impossible," said an old-time race-goer, after it was all over, "and such a jockey is Earle Sande."

The profession of riding races is one of the most exacting in the world. It looks easy to ride a horse, and perhaps it may be, but that is not all there is to the profession by any means.

In the first place a jockey must always be of the proper weight, which means careful and strenuous training.

It means that day in and day out during the season of racing, which lasts from April to Novem-

ber, the jockey must rise at 5:30 A.M. and have a breakfast of non-fattening materials: fruit, a bit of oatmeal, and black coffee minus the sugar.

At the track at 6 A.M. the horses must be galloped and schooled on the course until 10 A.M., when the jockey goes home—somewhere nearby—to sleep until 12:15 P.M. Then, after a luncheon of just a few crackers and perhaps a glass of milk he goes back to the track to report for actual duty. At 1 P.M. he must be at the jockey room, dressed to ride; and then the actual riding takes place.

At 6 P.M., when the day's racing is over, the jockey eats a fairly good meal of meat with vegetables. He must abstain from starchy food and sweets. At 9 o'clock he is in bed. That is the daily grind, for overweight must be fought as one would fight the plague. Truly, this is a circumscribed and narrow existence; yet to win, a jockey must be constantly in training.

He remains an apprentice-rider until he has been upon the backs of forty winners on recognized tracks. Some youthful aspirants for honors in the jockey profession remain apprentices for years; some never really arrive if they fail to ride forty winners and get too heavy for further use. It is a survival of the fittest.

Earle Sande, prince of jockeys, was born out in the wasteland state of South Dakota where there are great mountains, sweeping sage-brush plains, and many cattle and horses. The Saw-Tooth range of mountains, snow-capped and beetling brown, look down upon the little town of Groton, where the boy who was to rank with Fred Taral, Tod Sloan, "Snapper" Garrison, Joe Notter and "Danny" Maher, first saw the light of day over thirty years ago. Early in life Earle Sande learned to ride a horse, as a part of his daily routine. When a mere boy he rode races at the little country fairs held in the sparsely settled Idaho country. Eventually, the youthful horseman entered the employ of one Doc Pardee, who possessed two fairly good steeds named Tick Tack and Vanity Fair, which he raced at the little country fairs whenever a purse was offered. As Pardee lived at Phoenix, Arizona, the early experiences of the coming king of the Eastern turf were on that wide stretch of semi-desert land, where the Navajo Indians herd vast numbers of goats and sheep, and weave those heavy and curious blankets.

When Earle Sande was eighteen, the grumbling of the World War had penetrated into that wasteland of the West, and in August, 1918, when the

call went out for men from eighteen to forty-five, he registered. Upon examination, however, he was found to be ten pounds under the minimum weight fixed by the Department of War and was not accepted for service "Over There." The War, although most unsettling to American business, did not affect to a great extent the game of racing. It still was going spasmodically, yet merrily, on.

The young horse-lover decided that it was now time for him to enter his talent in more ambitious fields than the far West permitted; so he traveled to New Orleans, Louisiana, armed with a letter of introduction to Joe Goodman, a trainer and owner of thoroughbreds. This letter secured Sande a contract at once, and he began his career for the stupendous salary of twenty dollars per month, with the addition of his clothes, and the customary fees of twenty-five dollars for winning or ten dollars for losing.

He soon learned that thoroughbreds are individuals, and as strikingly different in their make-up as are human beings. Breeders, trainers, stable-boys, and jockeys know that each horse has his, or her own peculiarities, and must be humored.

Horses become fond of certain people: they become attached to other horses, to dogs, even to

parrots. Any racer of distinction commonly has a boon companion, a small stable pony, usually a "scrub." The fractious, fighting racers, are led to starting-posts, by such a "scrub" pony, usually ridden by an official in a bright red hunting-coat; and the "bad actors" among the racers usually become submissive when led by the little pony. When the race is finished, the panting, heaving thoroughbreds are met by stable ponies, sent out as soothing company to escort them to their stalls.

Sande possessed an instinctive knowledge of the peculiarities of each horse he was called upon to ride and he soon was known as the boy who could usually get the very best out of his mount. His first big race came in January, 1918, when Goodman told him that he was to ride Liberator, a horse against whom the odds were twenty to one. Goodman, himself, did not think that his horse had more than a sporting chance, for a fast animal named Viley was in the race, and several other reputable "quick-steppers."

It was Sande's first race on a big track and he learned a few things right then and there. Viley had a habit of swerving out toward the fence when he reached the turn leading into the home stretch, which habit the other jockeys knew full well, so

well, in fact, that they kept to the inside. But Sande had not yet learned to "know" the other horses in a race. When the big thoroughbred bore away at the turn, he carried Liberator and Sande with him, and although Busy Joe won, Liberator came in second, with Sande almost in tears at his failure to land the first position.

"That race and the result of it was the very best thing that could have happened to me," said Earle Sande afterwards, "for it taught me always to study not only the habits of the horses I was to ride, but also the habits of those I wished to beat. Since that day I've won many a race because I could predict seconds in advance just what certain horses and certain boys would do at a certain time, and under certain circumstances. Horsemen call this generalship. Whatever it is, it is one of the most valuable qualities a jockey may have."

On April 27, 1918, Sande rode his fortieth winner at Lexington, Kentucky, just three months and six days after he had won his first race upon a big track. He was no longer an apprentice rider. Later in that year, when at the Havre de Grace track in Maryland, he rode four winners out of six mounts, attention was immediately focused on this freckle-faced individual who lived up to

his name—Sande. "With Sande up you'll be in the money," was now heard on every side.

Man O'War, the greatest of all race-horses was just making that famous record which has not yet been duplicated by any other thoroughbred; and Sir Barton, a game, breedy stallion, owned by Commander J. K. L. Ross of Canada, was likewise setting the world afire by his galloping. Sande had not been riding for a year; he had passed out of Sam Goodman's employment to that of Johnson and Kane, who had bought him for $7,000. Commander Ross wanted Sande for his own mounts; so he purchased the contract from Kane and Johnson for $16,000. The great jockey was to receive only $60 per month and was to clothe himself; but he was to be allowed to accept other mounts at a sum fixed by himself, when his services were not required by Ross, enabling him to increase his earnings very materially.

It was in the fall of 1918. Under the expert piloting of Earle Sande, Commander Ross's string of thoroughbreds won many races. The Canadian star was in the ascendency. Finally, Commander Ross's best mount, Sir Barton, was matched to run with the incomparable Man O' War. The race was to be held at Kenilworth, Canada,—a duel on

the turf which attracted widespread, even world-wide, attention.

Sande was preparing to make the ride of his life, when word was sent to him that his services would not be required on that particular day. He was astounded.

Hurrying to see Mr. Ross, he asked:

"Why have I been removed? I can ride that horse to victory."

The Commander shook his head.

"No. You're in a losing streak, Earle, and when a jockey is in a losing streak it is bad luck for the owner. I want to win this race—it means everything to me—therefore Frankie Keogh will ride Sir Barton.

Sande was nonplussed.

"Cancel my contract, then, Mr. Ross, I wish to leave your employ."

Mr. Ross turned aside.

In the race from the very first, the never-equaled Man O' War showed the way to the laboring Sir Barton, and, at the end of the match with scarcely an urge, exhibited as clean a pair of heels to the Canadian entry as one could wish to see. His victory was overwhelming.

Sande found that the cancelation of his con-

tract kicked him up hill, for, not a week after the great race between the leaders of the turf, Samuel C. Hildreth offered him a contract of $15,000 a year with no strings tied to it. Hildreth was trainer for the stable known as the "Rancocas," belonging to Harry F. Sinclair, the oil magnate. From now on, the career of the great jockey was illumined by a series of brilliant triumphs.

Man O' War, meanwhile, went on to unheard-of victories. "That horse," said Sande, "was almost human. If I could have ridden him, I would have had to have slept with him for a month so that he would get to know me."

The great racer's companion was an old half-breed hunter called Major Trent. Where the great horse went, there, also, went the Major. When they traveled together in the same box car, the Major slept standing up and the miracle horse would slumber sprawled out on the floor like a child. If the Major was absent, Man O' War could not sleep. There was also another mascot along—a slate-colored parrot, who was noisy and mischievous, but the great horse enjoyed his companionship. The racer who set five records had other peculiarities: he yawned like a man and sat

on his haunches like a dog, a characteristic which his trainer says he never noticed in any other race-horse. When he arose, he did so gracefully.

"Man O' War," said his owner, Mr. Riddle, "was never fully extended in his entire racing career. I retired him at the end of his third year because he was too valuable for the hazards of racing. He could never be replaced, but he might reproduce himself. Under the American system of handicapping he would have had to carry such drastic weight in his fourth year that it might have broken him down. Nothing remained for him to beat; so he is for posterity."

"And to think that this great horse sold to Mr. Riddle for only $5000," said Earle Sande. "He was in a consignment from the Nursery Stud sold at the annual Saratoga yearling market in 1918. Two of the group brought $12,000 and yet they were never even heard of. That's the luck in racing."

At the home of trainer Hildreth, Earle Sande now met a girl who was to become his wife—a helpmate, indeed, in his circumscribed existence, with the bugaboo Weight always calling at his elbow. She was a New England girl from Cambridge, Massachusetts, and Mrs. Hildreth's niece. Marion

Casey and the great rider were married in 1923. Her life became entwined with his in a close partnership in which she shared all of his joys, his sorrows, and his triumphs. Seldom did she miss a day at the races, and she smiled with joy when the crowd roared the name of "Sande! Sande!" and her husband, crouching low on the neck of his mount, passed the stand—a winner.

Marion Casey Sande came into the life of the great horseman when his riding days were best, and in the next few years he had many a triumph in the colors of the Rancocas Stable, New Jersey. When Zev was a two-year-old, Sande rode the peerless racer, who won five times out of twelve starts, nearly $25,000 in purse money, and second place in the Futurity. As a three-year-old, with Earle Sande up, Zev won the Kentucky Derby, Belmont, Withers, and other stake races. In the Baltimore Preakness he ran unplaced, due to the fact that he had been kicked at the post a few moments before the start; so, when a week later, he went out for the Derby, the odds were twenty to one on the game thoroughbred. But Sande piloted him home with grace and ease, and he finished first!

When Papyrus, winner of the English Derby, was sent over to race with America's best horse,

Zev was chosen to run for the United States. On the day of the great test of merit, the Belmont Park race-track was deep with mud, which was to the English horse's liking, for he had run best on a soft track in the old country. Therefore when the English Derby winner, with Steve Donoghue up, went to the post against Zev, with Earle Sande up, the suspense of the crowd was electrical. This was the most brilliant event of turf history, millions of people the world over hung over the ticker to hear the results of the race.

In the paddock, Trainer Hildreth had given Sande these instructions:

"Canter right along with Zev if he goes to the front easily, but do not press him too hard if the Englishman wants to run his head off in the early stages."

The crowd was packed in a great, dense mass as the two horses went to the post.

From the first, it seemed as if the English horse might make a win of it, for he held his own right well as they thundered toward the quarter-mile post. Trainer Basil Jarvis elbowed his way through the crowd, and was assisted into the box of Trainer Hildreth by Hildreth himself; and both men who had prepared the two great racers,

breathlessly watched their charges as they thundered into the home stretch.

Zev took the lead shortly after the start and Sande let him run his own race in his own way. He was in splendid shape and did not have to exert himself, while, with each stride, he began to increase his lead on the foreign invader. As they came into the stretch he pulled a bit farther away from Papyrus, and there was no mistaking the move—it spelled Victory!

Both trainers immediately recognized it, and their hands met, even though there was five-sixteenths of a mile to go.

"I congratulate you, Mr. Hildreth," said Mr. Jarvis. "My horse is beaten. It is your race."

He spoke the truth, for Zev breezed over the line a full five lengths ahead of the invader, while Earle Sande looked over his shoulder in order to see what happened to the great Papyrus.

Zev became harder and harder to train, for his speed was so great that it required two horses to work him out—one to run with him for half a mile and the other to finish out the mile, but Zev recognized that something was being "put over" on him, and used to pull up after the first horse had left the run. And so he formed the habit of

never really exerting himself until the end of a race, and then only if another horse was ahead of him.

This nearly cost him a race with In Memoriam in a match arranged to take place at Louisville, Kentucky, with the crowd favoring the second horse because of a beating he had administered to Zev in the Latonia Championship. "Lay behind with him until you hit the stretch and then let him go," were the orders to Earle Sande in the paddock, and the great jockey obeyed to the letter.

At the start, In Memoriam led all the way to the quarter pole, when Zev bounded after his rival with a burst of speed, and, at the eighth pole, was two lengths in front, with the finish-line only one eighth of a mile away. Sande now urged him along, but Zev was back to his old tricks—waiting for a horse to be ahead of him before he would exert himself. This nearly cost him the race. Sande realized his danger and eagerly endeavored to urge on the canny Zev.

In Memoriam crept up, nearer and nearer. A few jumps from the finish the noses of the two racers were rising and falling almost in unison, and in a perfectly straight line. But Sande made a mighty effort; with word and hand he lifted his

mount. As the Judge's stand was passed—Zev led by but the fraction of a hair. He had just won the race, and that was all.

In exactly four years of turf campaigning, the Rancocas Stable, with Earle Sande as head jockey, won about $1,200,000 in purses, and averaged $300,000 per season. In the year 1923, when the mighty fleet-foot Zev was at his best, the earnings of the Rancocas were $439,000, a record win for a single stable. The son of the Finn won $272,000 by his own efforts, ably seconded by those of his jockey, Earle Sande. This, we believe, is the record earning for a single thoroughbred in one season.

Then the years rolled merrily along until August 6, 1924, at Saratoga, New York. On that day occurred a crucial event.

The race was a mile and seventy yards. Sande was up on Spurt, the property of James Butler. Speckled Beauty, Semper, Catherine née Houlihan and Señor were also in the race, and likewise a filly called Gnome Girl who was close to the rail.

As the first turn was reached, when all were bunched, Benny Marinelli, jockey on Señor, suddenly cut sharply across the flying field, causing three of the racers to jam. Sande was forced to

the inside, and, as there was immediate danger of his running into Gnome Girl, he tried to ease off to the outside position. As he turned his horse's head towards the track, Spurt suddenly crossed his legs and went down.

Earle Sande was hurtled violently forward, while three of the onrushing racers crashed sidewise into his falling mount. Speckled Beauty rolled upon the prostrate rider.

It happened in a minute and was all over like a flash; while Mrs. Sande, watching the race from the grand-stand, fainted. She was caught in the arms of Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt. Admiral Cary K. Grayson, President Wilson's physician, ran over from the club house to the assistance of the crushed and bleeding jockey.

Sande was rushed to a hospital, where an X-ray examination showed that he had suffered a compound fracture of the right leg, a clean break a little above the knee, another about six inches higher, and that just above, the bone was splintered in two places. This was not all: in addition he had a broken collarbone and a fractured rib on his right side.

For a time he lay between life and death. To the cry "He will never ride again," he made the

game reply, "Watch me and see how I can come back." And he began to mend rapidly.

One spring day at Havre de Grace, Maryland, when the great Sarazen, sometimes known as Sulky Sarah, owned by Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt, came out for the Newark Handicap, Sande was up! It was April 21, 1925, and 15,000 people watched to see if Earle Sande had, or had not, lost his cunning. And when the lithe form of the well-known and well-beloved race-rider came out on the track he was greeted with a tremendous roar of applause. Yes, Sande was back and how he did ride that race!

They were off, and as they rushed down the track it was seen that Sarazen was back, yes, far back. Could it be that Sande had lost his cunning?

No! Under the urge of that master hand the famous Sarazen, or Sulky Sarah, dashed after the leaders. On—on—on—they came. At the turn the rail horses swung out widely, leaving a slight hole into which Sande plunged his mount with instantaneous decision. He broke through.

With a rush, Sarazen squeezed through the opening and her head bobbed out in front. Sande was in front ! Yes, Sande had come back !

Moreover, Sarazen had made a new track record

for the distance. She had galloped over the six-furlong stretch in 1.11, clipping four-fifths of a second from the previous best time.

Yes, Sande had again come into his own!

But there was trouble ahead.

A race-rider must keep to the weight of 112 pounds, or lose his position. If he does not keep down his weight by dieting, by road-work, by leaving alone all that makes life joyous for some, he soon weighs over 112 pounds and is no longer desired as a jockey. Sande was making a great deal of money now, nearly $50,000 a year—but he was getting heavier and heavier.

Now came a remarkable sacrifice on the part of his devoted wife, Marion Casey Sande. She decided that if Earle had to fast and starve himself, it was not fair for her to eat what she could and would; therefore, she would starve along with him, eat what he did, bant while he did. No amount of reasoning and talk could change her decision: she just would do it.

Chocolate sundaes, sodas, potatoes, cream on the oatmeal—all were barred, while Sande expostulated in vain. But she was a true sport and played the race game with him.

Then came the races at Saratoga in 1927.

Sande had a fine season; things were "breaking" nicely for him; his mounts were good ones and they ran well beneath his trained and well modulated hands. Meanwhile Mrs. Sande was growing so thin that she looked cadaverous.

"My! My! What's the matter with Mrs. Sande?" they asked around the club house. "She seems like a ghost of her former self."

"She's playing the game with Sande. It's making him, but it's unmaking her," was the answer.

Then came a day when Chance Play, the fast and favorite horse, went to the post with Sande up, and, at the finish line, while excitement was great and nerves were wrought as the mighty thoroughbred thundered over the tape, a little woman collapsed in a dead faint on the club house lawn. It was Mrs. Sande—she had begun to break up.

She was taken to the hospital, but love and attention could not bring back her health, and on September 2, 1927, she died.

Sande had lost a sympathetic and loyal helpmate. He now had to go the game alone. Luck, indeed, seemed to have turned against him.

It was on November 4, 1927, when the whole world of sport was shocked by a new sensation.

SANDE RULED OFF RACE TRACK
HIS LICENSE REVOKED

was head-lined on the front page of every daily newspaper. What did it all mean? What—Sande escorted to the gates by the club officials and told to get out, as was sometimes done to crooked trainers, bookmakers, and common touts? This of America's greatest jockey? No—it could not be true!

According to Patrol Judge William Doyle, Sande had "deliberately taken his mount Bateau across the track and cut off Reigh Count, the favorite in this particular race."

Sande was then riding for Mr. Joseph E. Widener of Philadelphia, and vigorously denied the charges. "I had the right of way," he contended, "when Jockey 'Chick' Lang on Reigh Count grabbed a firm hold on my blouse and tried to pull me back." In this contention he was supported by jockeys Louis Morris and McCoy, winners of first and second positions respectively. "He rode fairly," they said, "and he was grabbed from behind."

A howl went up from every side and angle. The turf newspapermen contended that the punishment was unduly severe on the great racer, even

if the facts were true, which they doubted. The press took up the slogan of "Persecution for America's greatest turf idol." The officials of the Maryland Jockey Club were harshly and severely criticised for their drastic action. Sande found himself the object of a heated discussion.

Meanwhile the great jockey denied that he would transfer his activities to Europe and would ride on across-the-seas tracks. In a stirring letter to the Maryland State Racing Commission in Baltimore, Mr. Joseph E. Widener, Sande's employer, wrote: "Even though Sande is considered guilty by your Stewards, I hope you may feel him sufficiently punished by the end of your Maryland racing season to restore him to his former good standing, so he may be willing to sail November 26, as I have arranged."

But the answer was—

"The Stewards of Pimlico found Sande guilty of a serious offense and suspended him for the remainder of the Pimlico meeting, and referred his case to us for further action. Believing that the Stewards were right in their ruling, and that the offense merited further action, we revoked Sande's license.

"We regard the present application as prema-

ture. Should Sande make application to us in 1928 for a license, we will give the matter most careful consideration.

"Very truly yours,

"JOHN A. LATANE, Chairman

"Maryland Racing Commission."

The ban was not lifted.

But men—particularly sportsmen—relent. And when the next season came around and the flags fluttered in the soft breezes at Laurel, Pimlico, Bowie, Belmont Park and Churchill Downs, there was diminutive Earle Sande, as of yore. He was the same able jockey, fighting overweight and the wiles of his fellow jockeys, studying the ways of his many mounts and understanding the curious quirks of his thoroughbred charges. He goes down in turf history as a genius at the great game—a boy who, from the afternoon of January 21, 1918, when he won his first race at the fair grounds, New Orleans, Louisiana, on a broken-down thorougbred called Prince S., to the same date ten years later, had ridden nine hundred winners.

Think of it! Nine hundred winners in ten years! An average of ninety winners for his patrons each year! And add to this thousands of dollars in

purses for the owners of his mounts; the Derby in Kentucky twice, worth $52,000 each time; the Preakness, the Belmont, the Hopeful Stakes of Saratoga and many others. Thousands for his owners; thousands for the men and the women who picked Earle Sande's mounts to win, because he was in the saddle.

The dramatic, thrilling, nerve-wrecking life of a jockey in the mammoth game of chance is filled with joy and pathos. But Earle Sande has come through all of his hectic experiences intact, and with a smile and a courageous heart he still follows the Sport of Kings. He has graduated from jockey to owner of thoroughbreds himself, and is sometimes a rider of his own possessions. The Prince of Jockeys has fought the good fight and has shown the heart of oak.

Earle Sande: Prince of Jockeys

1918 Won first race at the fair grounds, New Orleans, on Prince S., January 28, 1918.

1919 Graduated from the apprentice ranks in record time: three months and six days to win the required forty races.

1919 Won six out of seven races on a day's card at the Havre de Grace track, Maryland, September, 1919.

1923 Rode Zev to victory in the Kentucky Derby.

1924 Severely injured in a spill at Saratoga. Doctors said that he would never ride again.

1925 Went to Churchill, Kentucky, seeking a mount. Rode Flying Ebony to a sensational victory: his second Kentucky Derby triumph.

1929 Rode the winner of The Wood Memorial at the Jamaica track, Long Island.

1930 May 9, won the Preakness Stake, worth $52,000, at Pimlico, on Gallant Fox.

1930 May 17, won the Kentucky Derby for the third time on Gallant Fox. Also won on the same horse the Wood Memorial, Preakness, Belmont Stakes and Arlington classic.

Due to ill health, Sande was not active in racing during 1931. In 1932, he started in riding again, but was only moderately successful, being handicapped by weight he had gained and also by chronic appendicitis. In the autumn of 1932, he decided to take up training horses again and became affiliated with Maxwell Howard of Dayton, Ohio, with whom he continues as a money winning trainer.

JACK SHARKEY:
THE AMERICAN HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION

Henry Miller

JACK SHARKEY

CHAPTER X

JACK SHARKEY: THE AMERICAN HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION

"Jim" Broughton, the first heavyweight boxing champion of England, was a sturdy soul who lived to the green old age of eighty-five and had a business card designed and engraved by the great Hogarth. His portrait was painted by Sir James Thornhill and his prowess was sung by the London poets some two hundred years ago. He was followed by James or "Jim" Figg, who, in the year 1719, opened an amphitheater at Tottenham Court Road, London, and there "met all comers with back-sword, quarter-staff and bare knuckles."

This amphitheater became what Madison Square Garden is today: the center of the professional practice of "the manly art of self-defense." Figg, himself, was so popular with the public that many poems were written to his memory when he passed on at a mature age.

From "Jim" Broughton through Gene Tunney to the fortunate Max Schmeling, the succession

of champions shows a mighty array of brawny males, each one marked by his own peculiarities.

Broughton was an Oxfordshire man, and his downfall came at the hands of a young butcher named Jack Slack, who, although beaten badly at first, eventually succeeded in closing the champion's eyes.

The Duke of Cumberland cried out from the ring-side, where he was an interested spectator: "What are you about, Broughton? You cannot now fight. Man, you're beat!"

To which the fallen idol helplessly replied: "I cannot see my man, your Highness. I'm blind but not beat. Only let me see my man, and I'll yet gain the day."

But he could not view his man and the butcher became Champion of Fistiana.

So much ado was made over this meeting in the ring that the fall of Broughton ended prize-fighting in London; but the sport could not be downed, and, although not officially recognized by law, it soon became the most popular of British pastimes. All the earliest "mills" were held on stages surrounded by stout rails, and many a man was seriously injured by falling against these and striking the boards of the platform with his head.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century, it was found more desirable to hold the fights on turf in a roped arena, which was usually twenty-four feet square. The modern, padded ring, however, is seldom larger than eighteen feet square, in spite of the rules of the Marquis of Queensbury, which provide for the traditional ring twenty-four feet square. Broughton, himself, introduced the glove, calling it a "muffler"; but most of these early battles were with bare knuckles.

In the old days, the regular practice seems to have been to stand up, toe to toe, and slug. No man ever gave ground unless he absolutely had to do so. Tom Cribb, later champion, introduced what is called "milling on the retreat," and the uppercut was (it is reported) first used in the year 1804 by a Jewish pugilist named Samuel Elias, who was known to the ring as "Dutch Sam."

This old-time pugilism with bare knuckles was a rough sport, its participants never dreaming of million-dollar gates and eighty-thousand dollar purses. When John L. Sullivan fought for a $25,000 reward and a side bet, it was thought to be an enormous sum; but nowadays, after only three battles, a champion retires to cut coupons on a

million capital, with a villa, a yacht, and part-ownership of a newspaper.

It is Jack Sharkey who now looms high on the heavyweight horizon. "I've seen them big and little," said the late "Tex" Rickard one day, "but Jack Sharkey stands out as the best I ever saw, because he is the fastest heavy man in the ring, with a left piston and a right straight punch which is as hard as a ramrod. He'll be the next champion."

This prediction was made of a young athlete, an ex-sailor and champion of the Atlantic Fleet, who up to that time had participated in but thirty-five contests in his professional career. You, therefore, know that he must have looked very capable to the astute manager of large boxing carnivals.

Sharkey's former name was Joseph Paul Cukoschay, but he had it changed to Jack Sharkey, by a Massachusetts court order. His father and mother are Lithuanians. Jack Sharkey was born at Binghamton, New York, October 26, 1902. He first became a bread-winner at the Johnston-Endicott shoe factory in the same city. He later went to Bridgeport, Connecticut, where he shoveled coal on barges, but, not finding this to his liking,

he wandered down to New York City where he worked for a while as a stevedore. He was now eighteen years of age, strong and husky, and able to hold his own with any of the rough-and-ready fighters in his realm of work. One day he noticed a poster inviting "Young Men to Join the U. S. Navy," and immediately made application to enlist.

"I was pretty big for my age," said Sharkey, "I was eighteen, weighed 160 pounds and was growing fast. As a youngster, I'd never been the fighting kind. At Binghamton, New York, my home, I used to run away from the public school bullies. But the Navy taught me that a man who cannot take care of himself with his fists doesn't belong in hard-hitting company.

"Over in the Philadelphia Navy Yard, the marines rode rough-shod over us gobs. There was a continuous feud. I remember to this day several lickings which they gave me, and I'm still looking for an opportunity to get revenge. Marines would lay for us younger sailors at night, and, without any warning, would pile in and give us all that we could take.

"I wasn't quarrelsome. I preferred to go my way in peace. But, finally, I 'got next' to the idea

that a sailor had to be ready to fight at the drop of a hat, or else he'd be the next one to drop. When the mêlée, which is known as the battle of the Ice Cream of Newport (where a few of us gobs finally trounced the marines), had passed into history, I stepped out to really learn boxing.

"A physical director named 'Mike' Maher, at Newport, taught me the tricks of the trade, and when the Atlantic Fleet cruised from Newport to Norwegian waters, the monotony of sea-life was relieved by boxing bouts on the deck of the *South Carolina.* Whenever we reached port, shore-leave was given as a reward to boxers who won by knock-outs. I suppose that I was in a dozen of these ship-bouts when I worked up to the elimination round for the championship of the Atlantic Squadron in 1922.

"I had to then meet a husky fellow named 'Torpedo' Blake. I defeated him and the victory put me in the next bout for the Navy title. I survived, and won my way through to the championship match.

"What a tough hombre that champion was! He trounced me. But the next year he wasn't around which did not distress me at all. I won the title of champion of the Atlantic Fleet, U. S. N."

Then the Squadron touched at the Boston Navy Yard to refit and the new-found champion stalked ashore only to find that nobody cared much whether or not the Atlantic Fleet had a champion; in fact, they were not excited over the fact whether or not the country possessed a Navy. Sharkey felt humiliated and crest-fallen.

But at that very time, Jack Dempsey, the world's champion, was playing in vaudeville in Boston; and so the Atlantic Fleet champion went down to see him at his dressing-room in the theater.

"You look as if you could fight," Dempsey told him, "but your name is against you. What is it again—Ku? How do you say it—Ku-chin-skey? Say, boy, you had better change it before Joe Humphreys or some other announcer murders it."

"I believe that you're right," Sharkey answered. "Thank you for the tip."

The able seaman, Cukoschay, began a prompt search through back records of pugilistic history and came upon the name and fame of one Tom Sharkey. He decided on "Sharkey" as his *nom de guerre,* and through the Massachusetts Court legally acquired the name of "Jack Sharkey."

Jack is very much a home-loving and family man. Out at Chestnut Hill, Massachusetts, near Boston, he has a picturesque little house, a handsome wife, and three sturdy children, who greatly admire their strong and virile "Dad." In fact, he has stuck so closely to his home that it has somewhat interfered with his career. "I'm a one-woman man," he declares, "and I can truthfully say that everything I've got I owe to my wife, for she stepped in at the right moment of my career to keep me home at night."

Jack is of an affectionate and generous nature. His parents, who have steadfastly refused to move from their old home in Binghamton, New York, to more pretentious surroundings, as urged by their famous son, receive from him regularly an ample check, besides frequent and unexpected small presents, like a new radio or gas range. Even his wife's grandparents are well cared for; and at Christmas time, every traffic policeman between Jack's home and Newspaper Row in Boston—no mean distance—receives a five-dollar gold piece. He is a well known "easy mark" for anybody who needs a "loan." But, although he will lose $200 or $250 in his favorite game of hearts without a word, he has been known to

quarrel heatedly with his manager over a ten-cent piece in a game of pool! Jack, like every public character, is entitled to his eccentricities. He does not like straw hats, and prefers soft, gray ones. Nor does he care for New York City, except as a convenient place for "cashing in" on his big "gate-receipt battles"; and after the fight, he hurries home by motor or train to his wife and family. He thoroughly enjoys driving an automobile, and is fond of golf.

In 1926, Sharkey fought nine times, winning all his battles, the last two being with George Godfrey, the gigantic colored boxer, and Harry Wills, also a negro, whom Sharkey defeated by a foul in the thirteenth round. At the moment, Wills was considered to be at the top of the heap, and Sharkey's hopes for future greatness were high. He weighed 190 pounds, had a strong, elastic body, and was faster than any other heavyweight.

In 1927, he defeated the cat-like "Mike" McTigue in twelve rounds by a knock-out. Then he fought a great bout against "Jim" Maloney, an old Boston rival, whom he stopped in round five, thus eliminating a fast and hard-hitting heavyweight who had triumphed over several able com-

petitors. He was next permitted to meet Jack Dempsey in an elimination bout to determine who was to be matched with Gene Tunney. This battle was most disappointing.

At the beginning of the contest, Sharkey sailed in like a young tornado, rushing the "Manassa Mauler" all over the ring and plastering him with ferocious "lefts" and "rights." Dempsey was half-dazed at the finish, and Sharkey had nearly knocked him out, when the tide of battle changed.

In round two, the Sailor began to slip backwards and his aggressiveness waned as the fight went on. In round seven, he dropped his hands and looked around at the referee, claiming a foul; but a stinging blow on the chin from Dempsey's amazingly quick hand floored him to the canvas for a knockout. Instead of falling to one knee to claim the foul, Sharkey had lowered both hands, turned his head sidewise to the referee, and left himself wide open to the knockout, which was promptly forthcoming.

The year 1928 found Gene Tunney undisputed heavyweight champion, for he had clearly demonstrated his right to this title by his defeat of Jack Dempsey at Chicago; but, upon Dempsey's retire-

ment from the ring, Jack Sharkey was still a contender for top honors. He now fought two disappointing battles: one with Tom Heeney, the Australian, whom he tussled to a draw in the twelfth round; the other with Johnny Risko, which Sharkey lost in round fifteen on points.

The Risko fight was a distinct surprise, for Sharkey put up a listless battle, as if he did not care whether he won or not. Now and then he would make a spurt and totally outpoint the baker-boy from Cleveland, Ohio, and would then relapse, apparently indifferent to the fact that a million-dollar title was at stake. A few weeks later, after this disappointing showing, he fought like a veritable tornado against Jack Delaney, knocking him out in round one, and also battled Leo Gates to a knockout in round three. He won from another heavyweight named Arthur De Kuh in round ten.

The year 1929 found opinions on Sharkey at variance. Some said that the Sailor had too much money, and that having realized his early ambitions, he would not give his best. Others remarked that he had no fighting heart; yet, when the two giant negroes, Wills and Godfrey, were claiming the heavyweight belt, Sharkey met and

stopped them both. Then, too, when no heavyweight cared to step into the ring with the "Manassa Mauler," Sharkey came near knocking him out in the first round, and Dempsey had to weather a savage assault, almost as formidable as the strong right arm of Firpo, which pivoted him completely out of the ring. So Sharkey was christened the famous "In-and-Outer," a name which became him well because of his past performances.

Yet he had exhibited many a flash of real genius, and the promoters were perfectly justified in guaranteeing him $100,000 to meet "Young" Stribling at Miami, Florida (after he had won from K. O. Christner in a battle), where the temperamental Jack pounded out a victory on points in ten rounds of fairly even "milling." Later, he knocked out Tommy Loughran in round three, and when 1930 came around, it was Jack Sharkey —with a strange career behind him—who held greater interest than any other heavyweight as a possible successor to Gene Tunney. But no one was certain whether this "sometime-whirlwind" fighter would not lose to a second rater, should he start one of his nonchalant battles on one of his off-days.

He knocked out "Phil" Scott, the British Champion, at Miami, Florida, in 1930, but during the third round, there was a general claim of "Foul," which the movie films show was apparently not justified. When he stepped into the ring to meet Max Schmeling, the German, at the Yankee Stadium, New York City, June 12, 1930, there were serious doubts as to his ability to "come clean" to a clear-cut knockout. He had fought forty-two ring battles: twelve he had won by knockouts, twenty on points. He had fought one draw contest and two "no decision" matches. He had lost five contests and had been knocked out in two fierce affairs.

The fight with Schmeling was all Sharkey's up to the fourth round, when the German contender went down by a low left-hook, which was plainly below the belt and left him writhing on the boards. As a result, the title passed to the "Black Uhlan" on a foul, and the disconsolate "In-and-Outer" had to lose a crown which was fairly within his grasp. But he had retained his reputation of being one of the most undependable heavyweights who ever "mixed it" in the roped arena for the heavyweight title of Champion.

"Sharkey will be fit to fight at thirty-five" (he

is now twenty-eight, 1930), says "Al" Lacey, his trainer, a man who has conditioned a number of American boxing enthusiasts and American International Amateur teams in South America. "He eats properly, he is the cleanest living man of the modern prize-ring, and, at the average of one fight a year, should be able to last until he is thirty-five. He is one of the best men I ever have handled in a corner. He never complains, and reminds me of a German police dog. I handled him in his DeKuh, Stribling, Christner, Loughran, and Scott fights. He is a great listener. As soon as I start pointing out something between a round, he pricks up his ears and gets every word.

"On the day of the fight, he is never irritable. Some fighters just sit down on the day of a battle and give orders. They say: 'Tie my shoe,' or 'go down to the store for this, and that,' and are generally bad tempered. Sharkey is just the contrary. He is more apt to say: 'Al, I want to drop in at the drug-store, come on!'

"He wants to make Boston eat the things it has said of him," said his manager, John J. Buckley, before the Schmeling battle. "He wishes to bring the title back here, just for spite. When he was in the United States Navy, he visited every

country in the world except Australia, and in all his travels he never found any place which he liked as well as Boston, but he has not found the Hub of New England the most congenial place at times, and so, when he returns from the Madison Square battle, he wants to bask in the homage of the city which once booed him and cheered Jim Maloney."

Alas, for "In-and-Outer" Jack! a blow below the belt, delivered in the heat of an apparently one-sided affair, made it impossible for him to receive those cheers for which he hungered. For the first time in history the heavyweight crown passed without the realm of the English-speaking race.

Record of Jack Sharkey

(Born at Binghamton, New York, October 26, 1902)

1924

OPPONENT	ROUNDS	RESULT
Billy Muldoon	1	Knock-out.
Pat Hace	2	Knock-out.
Dan Lucas	2	Knock-out.
Eddie Record	7	Knock-out.
Floyd Johnson	10	Won.

OPPONENT	ROUNDS	RESULT
Homer Smith	10	Won.
Al Roberts	10	Won.
Young Jack Johnson	6	No decision.
Charley Weinert	12	No decision.
Eddie Record	10	Lost decision.
Jim Maloney	10	Lost decision.
Romero Rojas	8	Knock-out.

1925

OPPONENT	ROUNDS	RESULT
Jack DeMave	10	Won.
Sully Montgomery	10	Won.
Jack Renault	10	Won.
George Cook	10	Won.
Jim Maloney	9	W. F.
King Solomon	10	Won.
Charles Weinert	10	Lost decision.
Bud Gorman	10	Won.

1926

OPPONENT	ROUNDS	RESULT
Joe Lawson	2	Knock-out.
Orlando Riverberri	3	Knock-out.
Homer Smith	7	Knock-out.
Eddie Huffman	10	Won.

OPPONENT	ROUNDS	RESULT
King Solomon	10	Won.
Pat McCarty	10	Won.
Bud Gorman	2	W. F.
George Godfrey	10	Won.
Harry Wills	13	W. F.

1927

OPPONENT	ROUNDS	RESULT
Mike McTigue	12	Knock-out.
Jim Maloney	5	Knock-out.
Jack Dempsey	7	Knock-out.

1928

OPPONENT	ROUNDS	RESULT
Tom Heeney	12	Draw.
Johnny Risko	15	Lost.
Jack Delaney	1	Knock-out.
Leo Gates	3	Knock-out.
Arthur DeKuh	10	Won.

1929

OPPONENT	ROUNDS	RESULT
K. O. Christner	10	Won.
Young Stribling	10	Won.
Tommy Loughran	3	Knock-out.

1930

OPPONENT	ROUNDS	RESULT
Phil Scott	3	Knock-out.
Max Schmeling	4	Lost by foul.

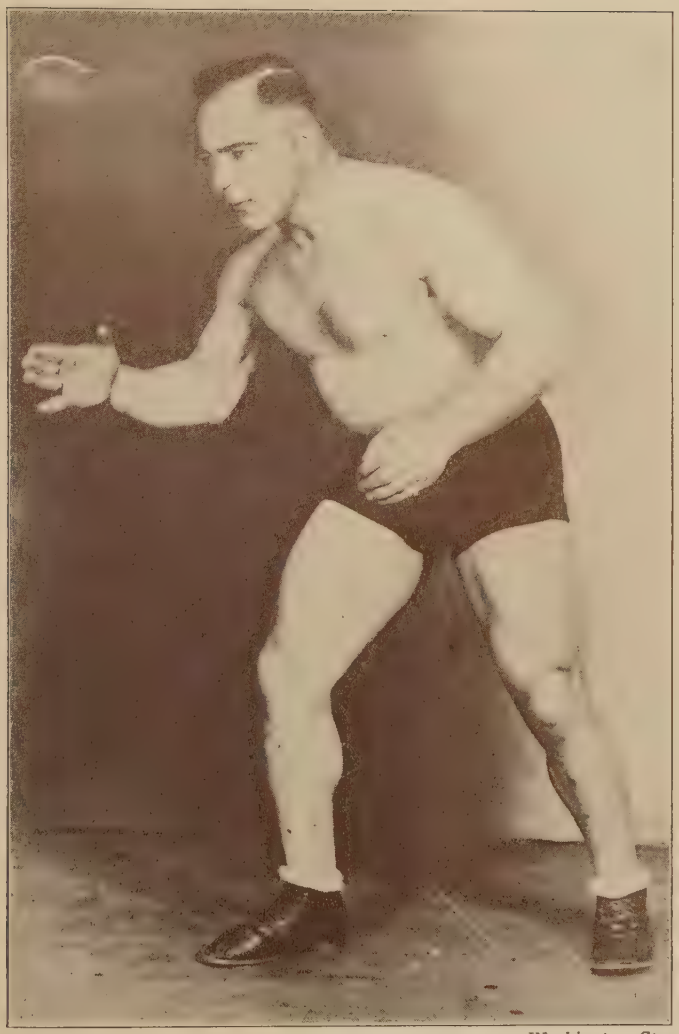
Recapitulation—fights, 42; knock-outs, 12; won, 20; draw, 1; no decision, 2; lost, 5; knocked out by, 2.

On June 21, 1932, Jack Sharkey won the American Heavyweight Championship from Max Schmeling. He lost the title to Primo Carnera and retired in 1933. He came back again in 1936, but, after being knocked out in three rounds by Joe Louis, he decided to definitely retire and did so on August 13, 1936.

Since his retirement from the ring, he has been the proprietor of a Boston tavern, and here he has enjoyed the patronage of the sporting public.

During the past few years, Sharkey has refereed wrestling and boxing matches throughout the country and is still greatly interested in boxing. His hobbies are fishing and hunting, and both of these sports he follows in New Hampshire and in Canada.

GUS SONNENBERG:
KING OF WRESTLERS



Washington Star

GUS SONNENBERG

CHAPTER XI

GUS SONNENBERG: KING OF WRESTLERS

> Tomorrow, Sir, I wrestle for my credit, and he that escapes me without some broken limb, shall acquit him well.
>
> *As You Like It*—Act 1, Scene 1.
> (Charles, the Wrestler.)

In the Stone Age when men wore the skins of bears and foxes and had hairy bodies and long, shaggy tresses, one caveman would often meet another in altercation and discussion—many times about the possession of a certain female. The altercation would result in the most primitive form of athletic exercise—a wrestling match. Sometimes the loser of this severe contest would perish, for, in those times, wrestling was primitive, brutal, exhausting, and vitally dangerous. But this condition of triumphant brute strength no longer exists and today we have fixed rules for matches, ethical standards of sport, adequate supervision of contests, and scientific methods of attack and defense. Mere brute strength does not always win, for quick

minds and co-ordinating muscles can often overcome greater muscular superiority.

In Egypt, upon the walls of the temple of the tombs of Beni-Hassan, near the river Nile, are sculptured many hundreds of scenes from wrestling matches which show nearly all the falls and holds known today; thus proving that wrestling was a highly developed sport at least three thousand years before the Christian era. The ancient Greeks were quick to adopt the ideas of the Egyptians and soon spent much time and thought upon their wrestlers. During the Eighteenth Olympiad, wrestling was introduced as one of the major events at the Olympic games—the wrestlers being rubbed with oil and then polished off with a fine coating of sand in order to afford a better hold upon their lithe bodies.

In the twenty-third book of Homer's *Iliad* is a description of a celebrated match between Odysseus and Ajax, the two champions wearing only a girdle, which was not used by the Greeks in their own games. The application of oil is not mentioned by Homer, so it is evident that this was not used by the athletes of that day. The Greeks made an exhibition of their wrestling matches and it formed the chief event of the *pentathlon,* or quin-

triple games. The judges of these events allowed every manner of hold, even strangling, biting, and kicking. The principal thing for an athlete to do was to win, and even crushing of the fingers was not tabooed. In the *pancratium* (a combination of boxing and wrestling), it was of special moment that the winner crush his opponent's hands. The wrestlers were instructed to be graceful in their movements, and were received with great acclaim, should they be so fortunate as to become champions.

The most celebrated wrestler of these ancient Grecian contests was Milo of Crotona, who lived about 520 B.C. and was so redoubtable that he scored thirty-two victories in the different national games, six of them being at Olympia. There were two varieties of wrestling bouts, one the *upright form* of wrestling, which was more generally practiced; the other the so-called *squirming contest,* where one was allowed to keep on twisting until one or the other acknowledged defeat.

In the *upright form* of contest, three falls out of five decided a match. This species of bout was often varied; for example, one of the contestants would stand in a small ring from which the other would endeavor to pull him out. These matches

were introduced into the Roman arenas in the last quarter of the second century, B.C., but were never popular with the more fiery Romans, who were dissatisfied unless blood was spilled in their athletic carnivals.

The hardy Germans were quite fond of wrestling contests, for, as early as the year 1539 a celebrated work upon the subject appeared from the pen of Fabian Von Auerswald. The famous illustrator and wood-engraver, Albrecht Dürer, made one hundred and nineteen drawings, illustrating the different holds and falls in vogue during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, which are quite similar to those used in the Greek games, even to certain brutal and unmanly tricks which were finally debarred by the Germans as being not *geselliglich* (friendly).

Perhaps the greatest lovers of wrestling are the Japanese. They have record of a match which took place in 23 B.C., the victor having the name of Sukune—since called the patron saint of all Japanese wrestlers and created a deity. We know that in the eighth century the Emperor Shômu made wrestling one of the features of the annual "Festival of the Fire Games"—The Japanese Olympics—and here the victor was presented with a fan

bearing the title: "Prince of Lions." He was also appointed a special referee of the athletic meets on the islands.

But so well did they love the sport, that in 1858 the throne of Japan was wrestled for by the two sons of the Emperor Bontoku. The conqueror was Koreshito, who succeeded to the Emperorship under the name of Seiwa.

The *Samurai,* or military caste, always took great interest in wrestling, finally developing a combination of wrestling and doing bodily injury, which they named *ju-jutsu* or *jiu-jitsu.* This has spread over the world and is taught in the United States Military Schools. In 1624, the National Wrestling Championships (which had been abandoned) were re-established in Japan and they have continued until our own time. The Japanese wrestlers lay great stress on bulk and the champions are all heavy men but light upon their feet.

The Japanese wrestlers form a guild, which is divided into several ranks, the highest being composed of the *joshiyori,* or elders, in whose hands lie the superintendence of the schools of wrestling and of the tournaments. These elders, in feudal times, ranked next to the *Samurai.*

There are two lower ranks, whose badge is a

highly embroidered damask apron; then come the ordinary public wrestlers, who must pass through a course of instruction under the *joshiyori,* and must take numerous practical tests. In this lowest rank, the wrestler who touches the ground with any part of the person except the feet, after the first hold has been taken, loses the bout. They wrestle in a 12-foot ring (in diameter), and are naked, save for a loin cloth.

King Henry VIII of England, the much-married and burly monarch, patronized the sport and was himself a powerful wrestler. On St. James and St. Bartholomew's holidays, special matches took place throughout England, those in London being held at St. Giles' Field, and Clerkenwell. In Scotland, the sport has also been popular, the "catch-as-catch-can" form of procedure being most used; while in Ireland, the national style is the "collar and elbow." In America, the most universal form of this contest is "back-wrestling," so named from the holds which are taken by the two hands. The contestant loses out when any part of his person, except the feet, touches the ground.

Even the inhabitants of heat-riddled India have wrestling matches, where both shoulders placed upon the ground simultaneously constitute a fall

and the wrestlers, named *Pulwans,* are all men of great size. In Switzerland, the wrestlers wear belts, upon which the holds are taken, the first man down being counted "out." Wrestling is one of the greatest builders of men which the sport world can offer and affords an exciting show for the onlooker. A good wrestler must have skill, strength, stamina, endurance, and alertness, as well as speed. Skill, or practical knowledge of the game, he can develop by constant practice; but only by systematic training can his body be conditioned to achieve the necessary stamina and endurance.

For years the sport was thought little of in the United States, although sometimes the populace could be inveigled into witnessing a match, usually in the so-called Graeco-Roman style. This is a product of the French wrestling schools and grew up about 1860, although not at all resembling the ancient Grecian method. It is a restricted style; no tripping is allowed, nor any hold below the hips; the result being that the bouts are usually very tedious and long, the contestants lying prone upon the mat for a considerable period. American and British wrestlers are not accustomed today to this form of contest, and are at a great disadvantage when wrestling under Graeco-Roman rules.

In the United States, wrestling was not at all prominent until just after the Civil War—in 1869—when a group of professional wrestlers came to America, composed mostly of French and Alsatians. They challenged all comers, and among those who accepted was William Muldoon, an ex-cavalryman with "Phil" Sheridan's Cavalry, and an ex-New York grocery clerk.

"Their style of wrestling was Graeco-Roman," says Mr. Muldoon, "and I frequently accepted their challenges, which paid good money for fifteen minutes, or as long as one could last. That is what brought me to their style of performing, which was entirely unknown in this country, but afterwards became the most popular form of wrestling. I succeeded in getting to the top through experience, and the public designated me as the Champion, a position which I struggled to maintain through many years. In 1887, I retired."

William Muldoon was a country boy from a farm in New York State, where he was born May 25, 1845—a time when New York City was a comparatively simple place. At eight years of age, his family moved to the busy city, and here three years later the future athlete of mark went to work for a wholesale grocer. The terrible Civil War was

now approaching. The boy heard Abraham Lincoln deliver one of his historic addresses at Old Cooper Union and enlisted.

Joining "Phil" Sheridan's Cavalry, under an assumed name (for private and personal reasons), he served as a sergeant in the campaign of the year 1864 in Shenandoah Valley. He participated in the struggles with Early's army—the cavalry fighting led by Crook, Talbert, Custer and Wesley Merritt in the battles of the Opequon, of Tom's Brook, Winchester, Fisher's Hill, and Cedar Creek —and was in the grand, final raid down the Shenandoah Valley which closed that campaign at Waynesboro with the total collapse of Early's army. In the following spring he was with fiery "Little Phil" at Five Forks and Hatcher's Run, rode with him to head off Lee's retreating forces, and participated in those last, historic scenes, which led to the surrender at Appomattox.

Returning to New York, he secured engagements as a boxer and wrestler, and, as there was more money in the latter sport, turned his attention to wrestling only. In 1889, he trained the mighty John L. Sullivan for his battle with Jake Kilrain at Richbourg, Mississippi, which lasted for seventy-five rounds of hard punching. "John L."

died February 1, 1918, when but sixty years of age, while the man who trained him to win is still alive and active at this moment of writing (1930), a well-preserved athlete at eighty-five years of age; a splendid example of what temperate habits and right channels of thought will do for the average man.

After retiring from the professional arena as the Champion Wrestler, William Muldoon purchased a home at White Plains, New York, founded a sanitarium for men with disordered physiques and has devoted his life to helping those who do not know how to keep themselves. He called this place "The Olympia," because the Gods of Ancient Greece were supposed to reside upon Mount Olympus, and he thought this name fitting and proper. Here, on his five hundred acre tract, thousands of patients have gone and come through the years, many of them rejuvenated into new beings, with a better view of life and vista of the future.

The American ex-champion wrestler is also on the New York State Boxing Commission, is director of a coal mine and of a state hospital. He rises daily at 6 A.M. and works eight hours, has never used tobacco, frequently rides ten to twenty miles,

alone, and has the recipe for good health: *Moderation in Everything and Self-Control.* He is a splendid example of right living. As a young man, he was frequently chosen to represent "Charles, the Wrestler" in Shakespeare's *As You Like It,* for he was said to fit the part exactly.

We have other instances of professional wrestlers, who are past the half-century mark and are still in the game and are keeping young. The well-known "Farmer" Burns, once National Champion, is past sixty-five and is still engaging in wrestling bouts. Stanley Zbyszko recently won the World's Wrestling Championship at the age of fifty-five; while George Bothner is an excellent athlete at sixty years of age. Wrestling, in fact, is not as severe as boxing and does not take as much out of the contestant.

Frank Albert Gotch of Humboldt, Iowa, came into the limelight about 1900—a farmer's boy who rose to be champion. On April 3, 1908, "Farmer" Burns, his promoter, saw his ambition realized when the man from the Middle West defeated Georges Hackenschmidt, the "Russian Lion," after two hours of a peculiar struggle, in which both contestants were badly used up. A little over one year later, Frank Gotch defended his title of

Champion against Yussiff Mahmont, the "Terrible Turk." The gate receipts were fully $40,000 for this contest and the invader had no chance with the lad from the country "where the tall corn grows," who won easily by reaching behind Mahmont's neck, as he crouched, and jerking him forward, or "hooking him to death."

The Champion invented the famous—or infamous—toe-hold, where he seized the toe of his opponent and pried him backward, with fearful leverage, and, in addition to that, wrestled around the legs of his antagonist in a style adapted by no other wrestler. The toe-hold was invented by Gotch as a subterfuge for securing the easier and equally effective "crotch-lock." The toe-hold was used to turn his adversary over on his side and thus spread his legs apart, so that the arm could be thrust in to secure the crotch-lock, or hold. Gotch frequently picked a man up, raised him over his head, and, as he fell to the mat, secured the crotch-hold. This shows how rapidly his own muscles responded to the call of his brain.

The great Iowan wrestler died at the age of forty-one on December 16, 1917, after a brief illness. He had accumulated a fortune from his success on the mat. One of his opponents, Dr. Ben-

jamin F. Roller, of Seattle, Washington, a graduate of both DePauw and the University of Pennsylvania, says of him: "He was the most intellectually brilliant and the greatest of all wrestlers." And, as Gotch had called Roller the second best wrestler of the United States, it is seen that their frequent contests, in which Gotch was invariably the victor, had bred a respect in each for the other's prowess.

Joe Stecher, born at Dodge, Iowa, in 1894, and a body-scissors expert, claimed the American title of Champion soon after Gotch retired (undefeated); but as Stecher failed to unseat several of the leading contenders, his claim was not allowed. Sergeant Earl Caddock, who was born in Anita, Iowa, on February 26, 1891, and enlisted in the United States Army shortly after the declaration of war with Germany, gained possession of the American-style Wrestling Championship by eliminating a large field of contenders. He defeated Joe Stecher; Vladek Zbyszko, the mighty Polish grappler; and Ed ("Strangler") Lewis, an expert with the so-called head-lock. Vladek Zbyszko is a native of Poland, who has done all of his wrestling in America and is a 225-pound giant. His brother, Stanislaus Zbyszko, was a noted

Graeco-Roman wrestler, who fell a victim to the wily Frank Gotch.

Georges Hackenschmidt, called "The Russian Lion," was born in Russia and lived nearly all of his life in London, where he specialized as a Graeco-Roman wrestler. His match with Frank Gotch in Chicago on April 3, 1908, resulted in a victory for the American, after a combat lasting two hours and three minutes. Robert Friedrich, known to the athletic world as "Strangler" Lewis, was born in Kentucky in 1892. Since 1920 Lewis, Stecher, and Stanislaus Zbyszko have held the Wrestling Championship. Zbyszko won from Lewis and retained the crown in a return bout in 1921. Lewis regained it in 1922, as he had won from Stecher in 1920. There followed years of dispute as to who was the Wrestling Champion. Lewis finally gained a clear right to it by defeating Joe Stecher at St. Louis in two out of three falls. The "Strangler" was at length dethroned in 1925, by Wayne ("Big") Munn, former Nebraska University football star. Lewis protested this defeat, and, after Munn was overthrown by Stecher, both Lewis and Stecher claimed the title. Lewis, meanwhile, refused to surrender the Championship belt.

On January 4, 1929, ("Dynamite") Gus Sonnenberg, twenty-nine years of age, became the Heavyweight Champion in the Boston Garden, when he won one fall from "Strangler" Lewis in thirty minutes and forty-six seconds, and then butted the Champion out of the ring five times with his famous diving tackle. Lewis curled up under the terrific assault of the ex-Dartmouth football star, and when Lewis refused to come back into the ring after his last involuntary trip out of it, the referee disqualified him. Some 20,000 people roared their approval as the referee slapped the ex-collegian upon his brawny shoulders. The official time of the second fall was eight minutes and twenty seconds.

Gus Sonnenberg is the thirteenth child born to his parents, first seeing the world on January 28, 1900. When the boy was old enough to plan for his own education, he decided to go to Dartmouth College, because he had heard such stirring accounts of its "wonderful atmosphere." His father, however, wanted him to go to Minnesota, near his home in northern Michigan, and offered to help finance his term there; but Gus insisted on the Eastern college and his father withdrew his offer. Swinging a sledge and working a thirty-five-pound

wrench on the docks at Marquette brought him enough money to pay his fare to Hanover and his first semester's tuition.

At Dartmouth, Gus immediately sought lucrative employment and built up an enterprising business of firing furnaces. He was such a good fireman that he soon had an entire block of furnaces to tend. But this consumed but an hour of his busy day, beginning at five o'clock in the morning. At six o'clock he was stacking breakfast dishes at the Grill Café, and at eight o'clock he was attending class. At one in the afternoon he rushed back to the Grill Café to pile up the soiled dishes for an hour, and once more at night he donned the greasy coat of the Grill Café bus boy and juggled its heavy plates and platters. Twenty cents an hour he earned for such work.

Sonnenberg entered Dartmouth College in 1916, and remained there for one year. He returned again in the second semester of 1917-1918, but left within a few months. In these periods of irregular attendance at college, he played football. In the fall of 1919 he appeared at Dartmouth for the third time and played football on the Varsity as a tackle. He played in the same position during the following season. In February, 1921, he was separated

from the college on account of unsatisfactory work and never received a degree.

At one time he was a teacher of manual training, geology and astronomy in a Detroit high school, having secured that position through Detroit University, which paid his debts at Dartmouth and secured him a scholarship, in order to enlist his football knowledge. Gus had to work pretty fast to keep at least a day ahead of his bright pupils, who could ask a hundred surprising questions a day about the stars and glacier formations. But this was much better than stacking dishes at twenty cents an hour, and was mental preparation for quick thinking and nimble acting on the wrestling mat.

On February 4, 1929, he defeated Howard Cantowine at Madison Square Garden. Much of the bout was staged outside of the ring, especially in the last three minutes. Twice in succession, Sonnenberg was tossed beyond the ropes by Cantowine, who has developed a flying tackle of his own. Brawny reporters saved the champion from continuing his journey to the concrete floor. Then Cantowine, in turn, went through the ropes and had just regained the ring, when Sonnenberg made a mighty tackle and finished the match.

He successfully defended the heavyweight title on February 25, 1929, when he tossed Stanislaus Stasiak in two straight falls, his method of procedure being as follows:

The second fall came rapidly when Sonnenberg clamped on three head-locks and followed with a number of flying tackles. He missed the first and went flying into the laps of the ringside spectators. The second tackle floored Stasiak, as did the third. Then Sonnenberg jumped upon his opponent before he could rise, after the third tackle, and pinned him with a body hold.

Again on July 9, 1929, he wrestled the "Strangler," in a return match at Fenway Park, Boston, defeating him in two out of three falls before a crowd of 20,000 persons, who paid $90,000 to see the match. Caveman tactics were again in evidence, the match closing when Sonnenberg broke his opponent's grip, moved away, and then butted the "Strangler" over the heart. Lewis went down to defeat.

On June 26, 1930, at the Boston Garden, Sonnenberg defeated "Bibber" McCoy, ex-Boston College athlete, taking the second and third falls. Gus used his famous flying tackle. Now, at the age of thirty, he is maintaining his title of Heavy-

weight Champion Wrestler, a superb athlete of massive proportions, weighing 205 pounds.

Gus Sonnenberg: King of Heavyweight Wrestlers

1929 January 4, won the Heavyweight Wrestling Championship by defeating Ed ("Strangler") Lewis, who had conquered Joe Stecher of St. Louis for the title in one fall.

February 4, retained the title by defeating Howard Cantowine at Madison Square Garden in one fall.

February 25, defeated Stanislaus Stasiak in two straight falls at Madison Square Garden, New York City.

March 8, defeated J. Smith in two falls at Schenectady, New York.

March 14, defeated P. Hansen in one fall at New York City.

March 16, defeated J. Malcewitz in two falls at Boston, Massachusetts.

April 20, defeated J. Malcewitz in two falls at Chicago.

May 29, defeated M. Plestina in two falls at Boston.

July 9, defeated Ed ("Strangler") Lewis

again in two out of three falls at Fenway Park, Boston, Massachusetts, before 20,000 people with a gate of $90,000.

October 30, defeated J. McLeod in one fall at Seattle, Washington.

1930 May 10, defeated Everett Marshall at Los Angeles in two out of three falls.

May 12, the "flying tackle" officially ruled out of wrestling contests in California by the State Athletic Committee.

June 26, defeated "Bibber" McCoy at the Boston Garden.

In the years between 1929, when Sonnenberg was heavyweight wrestling champion of the world, and 1938, when he regained the championship, he engaged in "at least 2500 matches." He also had the good fortune, during this period, to travel in Australia, New Zealand, Honolulu, Mexico, South America, and the Orient, engaging in wrestling matches during the course of these travels.

Shortly after regaining the championship title in 1938, he lost it, and since that time has retired from active competition.

JAMES THORPE: MAGNIFICENT ALL-ROUND ATHLETE

JAMES THORPE

CHAPTER XII

JAMES THORPE: MAGNIFICENT ALL-ROUND ATHLETE

In the fall of 1908, a youthful half-breed Indian, clad in blue overalls, strolled across the campus to the running track of the Carlisle Indian School at Carlisle, Pennsylvania, in the beautiful and historic Cumberland valley. He was a well-built lad, strong and sinewy, with a swarthy skin, coal-black hair, and a beady eye. This was James Thorpe, the future marvel athlete. Although he had already been at Carlisle a year and had played creditable football as half-back on a winning team, he had not, before this particular fall day in 1908, demonstrated his ability on the track.

"I was watching a group of athletes going through their exercises on the running track," said Coach Glen ("Pop") Warner, "when a chap in blue overalls sauntered out carelessly and took a high hurdle just as if he had not half-tried. A little later I saw him skim ahead of a crowd of racers in a hurdle contest. Then he walked over

and leaped across the bars in the high jump like a deer; so I went up to him and asked his name. I found out that he was 'Jim' Thorpe, a newcomer. I told him to get well acquainted with the gymnasium. And by the next year (1909) he was a star in college athletics.

"He was five feet eleven-and-a-half inches in height, and weighed 185 pounds. His inspirational measurement was forty-two-and-a-half inches; his expirational measurement thirty-five inches. His muscular development was beautifully smooth, the symmetry of his build concealing his size. He combined, in perfect type, the best activities of the sprinter with that of the weight man."

"No, I am not a full-blooded Indian," said "Jim" Thorpe, to the question of an interested athlete. "My father was half-Irish and half-Indian, and my mother was half-French and half-Indian. That is the combination. I was brought up mainly with white boys, sons of neighboring farmers, at our farm, near Prague, Oklahoma. I spent all my youth in the open, and all the games that I played, I played hard. But most of my best sport was in riding wild ponies. I never saw a two-year-old on the ranches that I could not catch, saddle, and ride. I liked the excitement of it."

In his first year at the Indian school, Thorpe easily made the football team, playing half-back. The Carlisle eleven lost only to Princeton in a driving rain-storm that fall, and defeated the teams of Harvard, Pennsylvania, Minnesota, Chicago, Syracuse, Pennsylvania State, Bucknell, Villanova, Lebanon Valley, and Susquehanna. It was during that season that Mt. Pleasant, one of the best redskin backfield men, ran eighty yards to a touchdown against Harvard and made a fifty-yard dash against Princeton.

In 1908, the Carlisle Indian team played football from the Atlantic to the Rockies, and, in their many trips to foreign gridirons, defeated the University of Pennsylvania, Syracuse University, the Navy, Pittsburgh, Villanova, Lebanon Valley, St. Louis, Nebraska, and Denver; and tied with Pennsylvania State.

This year was a good one for half-back "Jim" Thorpe, who scored a touchdown against the University of Pennsylvania with a sixty-yard run, and won the "Penn State" game with three field goals from his willing toe.

In 1909, the year was not so propitious for the redskins from the Cumberland valley. Carlisle tied "Penn State" and downed Syracuse, Gettys-

burg, George Washington, Bucknell, Villanova, and Lebanon Valley. The doughty Brown University eleven from Providence defeated them, Sprackling running back a kick-off for 105 yards to a touchdown, and the red-men apparently suffered from a bad attack of "nerves."

"Jim" Thorpe did not play in 1909, nor in 1910. In this latter season the redskins were beaten by Harvard, 17-0, in a steady, plunging game, the Indians apparently overcome by "stage-fright." "While they showed momentary spurts of brilliancy, they lapsed into mediocrity again at once," writes an onlooker. The University of Pennsylvania also defeated the redskins 6-4; and on November 21, Minnesota likewise administered a chastising 11-6 defeat. Carlisle, however, did win from Villanova, the University of Virginia, Johns Hopkins, Dickinson, Gettysburg, Bucknell, Muhlenburg, and Lebanon Valley. But as Brown had also added the Indians' scalps to their winning belts, the season was only a fairly successful one.

In 1911, with Thorpe playing half-back, the Indians defeated most of the best teams. Only the unexpected loss to Syracuse University debarred them from claiming the championship of the east. The Carlisle redskins were victorious over Har-

vard, the University of Pennsylvania, Brown, Lafayette, Pittsburgh, Georgetown, Dickinson, Johns Hopkins, Muhlenburg, Mount St. Mary's and Lebanon Valley. "Jim" Thorpe kicked four field goals against Harvard, one being from the forty-eight-yard line. He also scored two touchdowns against Syracuse University.

"Jim" Thorpe was now so well-known as a football player that Walter Camp selected him for a place on the All-American eleven, the selection being as follows:

1911

End: White, Princeton.
Tackle: Hart, Princeton.
Guard: Fisher, Harvard.
Center: Ketcham, Yale.
Guard: Duff, Princeton.
Tackle: Devore, Army.
End: Bomeisler, Yale.
Quarter: Howe, Yale.
Half: P. Wendell, Harvard.
Half: Thorpe, Carlisle.
Full: Dalton, Navy.

In the following year, 1912, Carlisle had another excellent eleven; but they had far too heavy a

schedule and lost on this account to the University of Pennsylvania and tied with Washington and Jefferson, both of which teams they should have defeated. The red-men galloped over the Army, Brown, Syracuse, Georgetown, Pittsburgh, Lehigh and Toronto, scoring 505 points during the season. "Jim" Thorpe, now admittedly one of the greatest, if not the greatest all-round athlete ever developed in America, marked 198 points and twenty-five touchdowns during the playing year. He and Arcasa each scored two touchdowns against the Army.

In the game with the University of Pennsylvania, "Jim" Thorpe, the elusive redskin, scored two touchdowns, one after a run of eighty yards. He made three great runs to a touchdown against Brown University, one for fifty yards. In a contest against Springfield (a mediocre team) he tallied, single-handed, thirty points.

This was the young Oklahoman's last year at the Indian School, and it ended in a blaze of glory. In fact, "Jim" was looked up to with a sort of reverence by all of the students, and was worshiped as a kind of god descended from the ethereal regions.

Walter Camp again placed the great Indian

half-back on his All-American team, the selection being as follows:

1912

End: Felton, Harvard.
Tackle: Englehorn, Dartmouth.
Guard: Pennock, Harvard.
Center: Ketcham, Yale.
Guard: Logan, Princeton.
Tackle: Butler, Wisconsin.
End: Bomeisler, Yale.
Quarter: Crowther, Brown.
Half: Brickley, Harvard.
Half: Thorpe, Carlisle.
Full: Mercer, University of Penn.

That was not all. Many sports writers, in selecting an All-American Football Team for All Time, have chosen "Jim" Thorpe as a back-field candidate. A typical example of this imaginary eleven selected by J. C. Koefoed in the *Philadelphia Record,* follows:

Ends: Frank Hinkey, Yale.
Gelbert, University of Pennsylvania.
Tackles: Hogan, Yale.
Hillebrand, Princeton.

Guards: Hefflefinger, Yale.
Hare, University of Pennsylvania.
Center: Bull, University of Pennsylvania.
Quarter-back: Stevenson, University of Pennsylvania.
Half-backs: Heston, Michigan.
Thorpe, Carlisle.
Full-back: Brickley, Harvard.

This is about the same selection as on most All-American Football Teams for All Time, the difference being mainly in quarter-backs and centers.

It is generally conceded that the greatest quarter-back was Eckersall of Chicago, while Schultz of Michigan has usually been selected as All-American center. Weeks of Columbia is frequently chosen as one of the greatest half-backs of all time, and Coy of Yale has the most votes for the proper full-back. Tom Shevlin of Yale is also a favorite choice for one of the end positions, while tackles are frequently Fish or Cutts of Harvard, or sometimes DeWitt of Princeton, who was played at guard and taken to the back-field when accurate kicking was needed.

The football season having passed, the great half-back, "Jim" Thorpe, now proceeded to make

one of the most astonishing records ever made in athletics by either white, red, or black man. This was the winning of the Pentathlon and the Decathlon in the Olympic games at Stockholm, Sweden, in the summer of 1912, when he won the title of the greatest All-round Athlete in the World.

What are the Pentathlon and the Decathlon?

The first is a five-event contest; the second, a ten-event contest. The Pentathlon consists of the following five events : a running broad-jump, throwing the javelin, a 200-meter run (a meter is 39.37 inches), throwing the discus, and a 1500-meter run.

The Decathlon, a hard test for muscle and mind, consists of the following ten events: a 100-meter run, a broad-jump, putting the shot, a running high-jump, a 400-meter run, throwing the discus, the 100-meter hurdles, pole-vaulting, throwing the javelin, and a 1500-meter race.

"Jim" Thorpe won both of these contests.

In the Decathlon, out of a possible 10,000 points, he took 8,412 points, pinning the flag of his school and country high upon the staff of victory. His nearest competitor was 700 points behind him; the next one tagged along 1000 points to the bad. *And the Decathlon is the severest of all athletic contests.*

For these victories he received two prizes, as follows: for winning in the Decathlon, a bronze Viking ship; for winning in the Pentathlon, a bronze bust of the King of Sweden. He also received the acclaim of the Press of the entire world, and veritable salvos of glorification from the papers of the United States. He was congratulated by the King of Sweden in person. The great athlete returned to his native country and paraded up Broadway, New York, the most acclaimed and popular athlete in the country (1912).

But a bomb exploded beneath the feet of the redskinned Wabeno of Prague, Oklahoma, about two months after his triumphant return to America.

In a statement to the Press, one Charles Clancy, of Southbridge, declared that Thorpe had played professional baseball in North Carolina two years before the Olympic games. When pressed to say more, Clancy declared that he had been misquoted.

The denial was hardly cold before players and umpires from many points in the country came out with statements that they had known all along that the great athlete had played professional ball, although he had posed as an amateur on the Olympic team. They had remained quiet as they had not wished to hurt his chances for athletic glory.

The rules of amateur sport in the U. S. A. absolutely prohibit participation in the Olympics by anyone who has received money for athletic events, or services, prior to the holding of these contests. Thorpe should not have been a contestant,—that was certain. But what about his prizes? Confronted with the charge that he had been a professional when representing his country at the Olympics, Thorpe frankly stated his case. He said:

"When the account of the interview with Mr. Clancy, announcing that I had played baseball on the Winston-Salem team of North Carolina was shown me, I told Coach Warner that it was not true, and, in fact, I did not play with that organization. But so much has been said in the papers since then, that I want the Carlisle Indian School authorities to know just what happened.

"I played baseball at Rocky Mount and Fayetteville, North Carolina, in the summers of 1909 and 1910 under my own name. On the same teams on which I played were a number of college men from the North, who were earning money by playing ball during the summer vacation season and were regarded as amateurs at home. I did not play for the money to live on, because my property brings

in enough money to live on; but because I liked to play baseball. I was not very wise in the ways of the world and did not realize that this was wrong and that it would make me a professional in track sports, although I learned from the other players that it would be better for me not to let anyone know that I was playing. And for that reason I have never told anyone about it at school until today.

"In the fall of 1911 I applied for re-admission to the Carlisle Indian School and came back to continue my studies; also to take part, of course, in the school sports. Naturally I wanted to get on the Olympic team and take the trip to Stockholm, and I had Mr. Warner send in my application for registration in the A.A.U. After I had answered the questions and had signed the paper, I received my card allowing me to compete in the winter meets and other track events.

"I never realized until now what a big mistake I made by keeping secret my ball playing, and I am sorry that I did so. I hope that I will be partly excused by the fact that I was simply an Indian school boy and did not know all about these things. In fact, I did not know that I was doing wrong because I was doing what several other college men

had done, save that they did not use their names to play under, as I did.

"I liked sports and only played and ran races for the fun of the thing, never to earn any money. I have received offers amounting to several thousand dollars since my victories at the Olympics last summer; but I have turned them all down because I did not care to make money in this way. I am very sorry . . . . to have my victory spoiled in this way, and I hope that the A.A.U. and the people will not be too hard in judging me."

The Buffalo *Express* commented on Thorpe's statement as follows: "Thorpe certainly knew the difference between honesty and dishonesty when he applied for, and received, his card from the A.A.U.; but, even then, there seems to be something to say as an excuse for the act. He had seen others doing the same thing, who seemingly had more reasons through their training and education to be overscrupulous in their discrimination."

W. B. Clemence, sporting editor of the New York *Morning Telegraph,* wrote:

"Love of games—sports—was Thorpe's fetish, and it became his undoing. But he has been more sinned against than sinning.

"Thorpe was never a professional in spirit. Had he been, he could have commanded any salary he wished in either of the major leagues of ball-playing. Pittsburgh sent a scout to Carlisle with a signed contract for him to fill out, Washington wanted him; yet he turned down these offers and went to play baseball in a virtually unknown Southern league, where the salary limit was $30 a week for the highest paid player. Thorpe acknowledges that he received $25—yet this poor half-Indian is branded as a professional.

"And he must suffer, too, the ignominy of it all because of the far-reaching effect of the rule which arbitrarily associates the distant and specific professional work in which he was mixed up, with the fundamentally different amateur sport in which he competed.

"And what of those who have been the means of Thorpe's undoing? The men who have known all along that this poor aborigine was a professional, yet held their mouths closed only to see now their country discredited before the world? Is no blame attached to them?"

Other papers roundly abused the athletic redskin, although the English Press took a lenient view of the matter, one editor stating:

"I wonder how many of the Olympic competitors would stand examination? In my opinion there are quite a number who are tainted by professionalism, and not all of them are Americans."

The *Pall Mall Gazette* had this to say:

"We feel sorry for Mr. Thorpe, who, it seems, posed as an amateur rather in ignorance than with any deliberate idea of unfairness. His excommunication might have been a little more gently conducted."

But "Jim" Thorpe was harshly scored by the governors of the A.A.U., who wrote a letter of apology to the Olympic Games Committee, and compelled the Decathlon and Pentathlon champion to return the bronze Viking ship and the bronze bust of the King. H. Wieslander of Sweden, winner of the second place in the Decathlon, received the Viking ship; while F. R. Bie of Norway, who finished second in the Pentathlon, was awarded the bust of the Swedish monarch.

John Bredmer of Princeton University also profited by Thorpe's misfortune, as he had finished second to the great Carlisle athlete at Celtic Park, September, 1911, in all-round competition, in which the Indian had piled up 7,476 points—a world's record.

The letter of the A.A.U. Committee (Gustavus T. Kirby, Barton S. Weeks, and Jasper E. Sullivan) said, in part:

"Thorpe's act of professionalism was in a sport over which we—the A.A.U.—had no direct control: it was as a member of a baseball club in a minor league, and in games which were not reported in the important papers of the country. That he played under his own name would give no direct notice to any one concerned, as there are many of his name.

"The reason why he, himself, did not give notice of his acts is explained on the grounds of ignorance. In some justification of this position it should be noticed that Mr. Thorpe is an Indian of limited experience in the ways of other than his own people.

"The American Olympic committee and the A.A.U. feel that, while Mr. Thorpe is deserving of the severest condemnation for concealing the fact that he had professionalized himself by receiving money for playing baseball, they also feel that those who knew of these professional acts of his are deserving of still greater censure by their silence.

"The American Olympic committee and the

A.A.U. tender to the Swedish Olympic committee and through the International Olympic Council to the nations of the world, their apology for having entered Mr. Thorpe and having permitted him to compete at the Olympic Games in 1912."

"The Americans have behaved extremely well," said Capt. F. W. Jones of the British Olympic Association. A cable from Stockholm was to the effect that Thorpe's disqualification aroused a unanimous feeling of sympathy for the great athlete. The Swedes argued that the trophies should be left with the Indian until the next Olympics.

A short time passed, the prizes were returned, the greatest athlete on the Olympic track was forced to give up his prizes, and the name of the Carlisle Indian was stricken from amateur records. "*He is unquestionably the greatest athlete of all time and who ever lived.* A great football performer, a master at lacrosse, tennis, hockey, and a dead shot. He is also a fine baseball player."

The whole affair was most unfortunate.

Out of the amateur ranks, graduated from the far-famed Indian school out into the world, though seared with troublous controversy, "Jim" now turned his attention to professional athletics. In 1912 he was offered a contract by John J.

McGraw, manager of the New York Giants—an opportunity, indeed, to show the world that he was as good as the famed Chief Bender of the Philadelphia Athletics, but, of this opportunity, the verses of Longfellow seemed to be prophetic of what lay in store for him.

Go not forth, O fearless Kwasind,
To the Kingdom of the West Wind,
To the realm of Mudjekeewis,
Lest he harm you with his magic,
Lest he kill you with his cunning.

But the fearless, guileless Kwasind,
Heeded not the women's warning,
Forth he strode into the forest,
At each stride a mile he measured,
Lurid seemed the sky above him,

Lurid seemed the earth beneath him,
Hot and close the air around him,
Filled with smoke and fiery vapours,
As of burning weeds and prairies,
For his heart was hot within him,
Like a living coal his heart was.

Although claimed by the Beaumont, Texas, Club, the winner of both the Pentathlon and the Decathlon in 1912, was (as we have said) signed

by the New York Giants, February 2, 1913, and was kept as a utility man until the season of 1915, when he was released for inability to hit curve-pitching. "Had Thorpe been given a decent chance," says a sports writer who was intimately acquainted with the great athlete, "and had he been placed with a minor league for two or three years, he would have made a great major leaguer."

After being released by the Giants, "Jim" was with the Cincinnati Reds for one season, and also with the Boston Braves for a year. He next played for two seasons in the Eastern League and then drifted out to Ohio, where he played with the Akron, Ohio, nine for a year or so. Then he turned his attention to professional football, being half-back and manager of the Canton, Ohio, football team (the Canton Bull Dogs) for seven years, 1913-1920. His last appearance in professional ball in one of the regular leagues was with the Portland, Oregon, nine, of the Pacific Coast League. His release from this organization, according to a well-known writer on sport, "marks the approaching end of the greatest athlete the world has ever known. Thorpe's name will ever be emblazoned highest upon the bright pages of sport. All history, ancient and modern, never pro-

duced his athletic equal. He was an all-round performer who could compete with the champions in any game without a long period of specializing. Running, jumping, tennis, baseball, football, lacrosse, found 'Jim' Thorpe fit and ready to vie with the best.

"His feat of winning the Pentathlon and the Decathlon events in the Stockholm Olympic games has never been equaled, and probably never will be. While in active training for the grueling all-round test, Thorpe went out one day and cleared six feet five inches in the running high jump, just because one of his fellow athletes made a slighting remark about his ability. On another occasion the boys kidded 'Jim' about his broad jumping; so that afternoon the big Indian practiced with the long jumpers and cleared more than twenty-three feet."

Among football enthusiasts, the opinion prevails that Thorpe was the greatest player that ever donned the moleskins. His versatility upon the chalk-lined turf never has been approached. He had every quality of the greatest on the gridiron, except the quality of leadership.

"The story of the game with a nationally famous eleven, in which Thorpe beat the opposing

team almost unaided, is well known. A remark that was insulting to the red-man was dropped prior to the game, in order to get Thorpe's goat. But the then captain of the Carlisle Indian team dispensed with the usual signals and called out before each play : 'Gimme the ball !'

" 'Big Jim' took the leather to his manly bosom something like twenty-three times, hand-running; and when he had finished, the offending members of the opposing eleven were not in the game. Thorpe was not even out of breath!"

Today the mighty half-Indian athlete has practically retired from all athletic contests, owing to advancing age; but the record of his remarkable victories at the Stockholm Olympics, his great ability as a half-back and his versatility in every branch of sport are acknowledged as being almost unequaled. So, here's long life and continued prosperity to the mighty quarter-French, quarter-Irish American, in whose veins run also the Sac and the Fox strains of the original possessors of the American soil!

> But the memory of the strong man,
> Lingered long among the people,
> And whenever through the forest,
> Raged and roared the wintry tempest,

And the branches, tossed and troubled,
Creaked and groaned and split asunder,
"Kwasind!" cried they; "that is Kwasind!"

James Thorpe: Magnificent All-Round Athlete

1907-12 Attended the Carlisle Indian School in Pennsylvania. On baseball nine, 1907-12; on football team, 1907-08 and 1911-12; on track team, 1907-08-09-12. Captain of football team in 1912. Played professional baseball with Rocky Mount, N. C., nine and Fayette, N. C., nine in summer of 1909-10.

1911-12 Selected by Walter Camp as All-American Half-back.

1912 Won the Pentathlon and Decathlon at the Olympic games at Stockholm, Sweden, in 1912, and also American All-Round Championship.

1913 Made to give prizes won at Olympic games back, and was debarred as an amateur by the A.A.U.

1914-28 Played professional baseball and professional football.

Jim Thorpe has had a varied career in late years. During the depression of 1933, he served as a ditch-digger in a relief project. Then he filled some minor roles in the moving pictures. He has lectured around the country on athletics and the position of the Indian in America. He is now working as a guard at Ford's River Rouge Plant. At 54 years of age, his athletic career is far behind him but his fame as a football player and track hero endures.

"HEADS UP"

JAMES THORPE

CHAPTER XIII

"HEADS UP"

If you are striving for self-improvement, in body and intellect, and you are not a great athlete, do not become discouraged, for the greatest good to mankind has often been done by those of frail structure. The mighty of strength have had their triumphs, but those who have done the most good in the world were hardly of exceptional physique and bodily prowess. Let us glance at some of the noted names in the history of achievement and draw our own conclusions.

Poets

Milton, who startled the intellectual world with his *Paradise Lost* and *Paradise Regained,* was blind. He dictated his wonderful thoughts to his daughter and lived to be sixty-six.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow—always abstemious—possessed a strong and wiry physique which carried him well along in life's journey, with optimistic thoughts and little illness. He was

fond of boating, sailing, and of taking long walks. Born in the year 1807, he died in 1882, at the ripe age of seventy-five.

Ralph Waldo Emerson—the Sage of Concord, Massachusetts—had excellent health throughout his long and useful life. He was a great gardener and walker although he was never noted for feats of physical strength. He lived to be seventy-nine.

Alfred Tennyson, sweet poet of England, was of delicate constitution but lived to an advanced age, due to a life of temperance and moderation in all things, including exercise. He lived to be eighty-three.

Rudyard Kipling has always possessed excellent health and is a great walker. Although not an athlete, he is very fond of the outdoor world and is a lover of Nature. He is quite near-sighted and is now (1930) sixty-five.

John Greenleaf Whittier lived to be eighty-five. Fond of quiet and peace, he undoubtedly added to life's span by his simple diet and regard for all the laws of healthy living. "The Good Poet of Amesbury" often stated that, "those of pure minds who allow good thoughts to counterbalance and outweigh the evil, live longest."

In contrast to his simple life, consider the ca-

reer of Edgar Allan Poe; a great genius indeed, but a man who lacked self-control. The author of perhaps the most remarkable poem in the English language, *The Raven,* was born January 19, 1809, and died from over-indulgence in alcohol, October 7, 1849, when but 40 years of age.

The celebrated Shakespeare, born April 23, 1564, died on his birthday, in 1616, and thus was only fifty-two years of age. Little is known of his physical life, save that, when a youth, he possessed a hardy and strong frame.

Authors

Charles Dickens, who made $1,000,000 with his pen, was a sufferer from chronic indigestion, brought on by a far too sedentary life. As a young man, he possessed exceptionally good health and spirits, but in later years he became somewhat irritable and crabbed. He was but fifty-six when he died.

James Fenimore Cooper, author of the *Leather-stocking Tales,* lived the career of a gentleman farmer at Cooperstown, New York, and engaged in frequent law-suits with his neighbors, but was always a strong and exceptionally healthy man. He died at the age of sixty-two.

Samuel Langhorne Clemens ("Mark Twain") was seventy-five when he "passed on." He always possessed excellent health, and, in spite of the fact that he was an inveterate smoker, may be said to have had a normally healthful life.

Nathaniel Hawthorne, author of *The Scarlet Letter* and other well-known romances, was born in 1804 and died May 19, 1864—only sixty years of age. He was always of delicate health, his demise being undoubtedly hastened by financial worries.

James Russell Lowell never possessed robust health but could never have been called delicate. He was a great walker and delighted in gardening. Born February 22, 1819, he died on August 12, 1891, and was thus seventy-one years of age.

Musicians

Beethoven, celebrated nineteenth-century musician, was never of robust health. He was irritable and always believed that he was ill. He died at fifty-seven.

Donizetti, composer of magnificent Italian opera, died in an insane asylum when he was but fifty-one years of age, ending abruptly a very promising musical career.

Generals

Of course, had there been a decent knowledge of medicine in George Washington's day, the Father of his Country would have lived longer. With a quinsy sore throat he was bled twice, which antiquated method of cure undoubtedly weakened his system. He died at but sixty-seven years of age.

Possessed of a hardy frame, once in his lifetime, he was so weakened by fever and dysentery, that he feared for his own life. This was after a campaign into the region of the Shenandoah where the drinking water was very impure, probably producing what is now known as typhoid fever. During the Revolutionary War he had excellent health.

One of his old soldiers has written of him, that he was surrounded, at all times, by many finer-looking men. From the waist down he was of extraordinary build, but that he had narrow shoulders and a poor chest. He says, "the General had such strength in his lower limbs, that he could squeeze any horse that he rode so that it would squeal, nor could any animal unseat him. Nor had any man in the army his ability to jump and run. His were the most powerful limbs I ever looked

upon, and he could outjump us all. When we came to a stream to cross, the General would hop over it in two bounds while the rest of us were struggling to ford it. And he had a countenance which all delighted to look upon, for it was benign and of noble aspect.

"What impressed you most about him was the great space between his eyes, and his prominent nose, which, in cold weather, was always as red as a beet. He talked little but drew you out in conversation, so that, after you had left him you felt that he had said a great deal, whereas—upon reflection—you found that it was yourself who had done all of the talking."

Ulysses S. Grant died of cancer of the tongue, undoubtedly aggravated by his habit of smoking cigars, contracted during the Civil War when he was deluged by boxes by his appreciative friends. To get rid of this surplus he would fill his pockets with as many cigars as they would hold, when starting out on the day's work. Those which he did not smoke himself, he would give away to his Staff.

Born in 1822, the hero of the Civil War in America died at a cottage at Mt. McGregor, New York, July 23, 1885. He was sixty-three years of age.

Noted for his robust strength and simple habits, he enjoyed splendid health up to his last years; his most marked trait being a love for horses.

The great Napoleon might be said to have never really possessed robust health, for a mediocre body was stimulated to great deeds by a burning soul and extraordinary ambition. His personal habits were simple, and, in an age of non-shavers, he was always particular to have his face cleanly shaven. He also bathed regularly and was the first possessor of a tin bath-tub.

It is no wonder that a man who put his body to the exposure and hardships in the field which Napoleon did, should not have lived to an advanced age. He died at the Island of St. Helena, after a lingering illness of cancer of the stomach—an ailment which he states that he inherited from his forebears. He was but fifty-four years of age.

Julius Caesar was assassinated when fifty-six years of age, and was in fairly good health at the time. However, he suffered from epileptic fits for many years and cannot be said, at any time, to have been a man of extraordinary physique.

The mighty "Stonewall" Jackson of Civil War fame, who is classed as one of the greatest leaders of infantry whom the world of warfare has known,

was shot by his own men and also by the pickets of the First Massachusetts Regiment, at the battle of Chancellorsville, Virginia, May 10, 1863, and died from improper medical attendance. His left arm was amputated and the wounded side packed in wet bandages which caused pneumonia and resulting death. He always had a hardy and strong constitution; but died at only thirty-nine years of age.

Robert Edward Lee, on the other hand, survived the Civil War only to die soon after at the age of sixty-three. He always had excellent health until exposure and mental strain of the four years of fighting undermined what was an unusually robust constitution.

William Tecumseh Sherman, who "Marched Through Georgia" with his victorious army, lived to be seventy-one. Admiral David Glasgow Farragut died at sixty-nine. "Mad Anthony" Wayne of the Revolutionary War was but fifty-one at the time of his demise. The Marquis of Lafayette was seventy-seven. Daniel Boone—mighty pioneer and rifleman—was eighty-five. David Crockett, noted hero of the Alamo, was fifty when shot in the battle with the Mexicans which prematurely ended the career of a brilliant soldier.

Statesmen

Daniel Webster, always of fine physique and excellent health, lived to be seventy; Benjamin Franklin, eighty-four; John Marshall, Soldier of the Revolution and first Chief Justice of the United States, eighty. Thomas Jefferson—the Sage of Monticello—lived to the ripe age of eighty-three. Patrick Henry was sixty-three, when he stated that he was "quite willing to pass from what I have ceased to enjoy—LIFE." And then did so.

Let us turn to the noted women of America and see how their lives compare with those of the men!

Frances E. Willard—first temperance reformer and lecturer—lived to be but fifty-nine. Her health was never robust. Charlotte Cushman—remarkable actress—died at sixty years of age, after a life of great strain, in which her health might be said to have been uniformly good. Maria Mitchell—celebrated astronomer—lived to be seventy-one. Mary Lyon—noted as a teacher and founder of Mount Holyoke Female Seminary—passed on at sixty-three. Clara Barton—known as the Angel of the Battlefield, and great Red Cross nurse—

lived to be ninety-one. Lucretia Mott—the "Friend of the Slave"—also reached a ripe old age, that of eighty-seven.

So runs the list—and it can be seen that most of these noted or celebrated individuals lived to an excellent age, their prominence in intellectual matters being undoubtedly furthered by fairly good health.

In contrast to the ages of these men and women noted for their intellectual brilliancy, let us consider the following, distinguished for their athletic prowess.

"Jim" Broughton—first real Champion Boxer of England—died at eighty-five years of age.

"Tom" Cribb, another noted British pugilist to whom a monument has been erected in England, departed from this life at sixty-seven.

"Bob" Fitzsimmons, Champion Heavyweight Boxer, "went over the Divide" at fifty-five years.

The mighty John L. Sullivan "passed on" at sixty.

Eugene Sandow, the Strong Man of Austria, who could lift five horses, lived to be but fifty-two.

Charley Mitchell, British boxer, who fought a drawn battle with John L. Sullivan in France, was but fifty-five when he "passed on."

"Ned" Hanlon, mightiest of all oarsmen and Canadian Champion as well as American, lived to be but fifty-two.

William Blaikie, Harvard oarsman and author of *How to Get Strong and How to Stay So,* was dead at fifty-four.

Major Percy D. Haughton, great athlete and grid coach of Columbia, Cornell and Harvard, "passed on" at forty-nine.

"Bob" Emmons, owner of the yacht *Resolute* and former Harvard football captain, was but fifty-six when he was "called on."

Frank Gotch, noted wrestler, was forty-one.

John S. Mosby, wonderful horseman and greatest of all Partisan Rangers in the Confederate Army, operating in Virginia, lived to be seventy-three.

Walter Camp, famous Yale grid star and sometimes called Father of American Intercollegiate Sports, died at sixty-six.

Walter Eckersall, chosen by every sports writer as All-American quarter-back of all time, has but recently passed on at forty-six (March, 1930).

James J. Corbett, Champion Heavyweight Boxer, born in 1866, is still alive and active at sixty-four (1930).

Ex-Champion Boxer "Jim" Jeffries was born in 1877, and is hale and hearty at fifty-three years of age (1930).

We will not draw conclusions from these figures but will allow you to draw your own, remembering that the body is a wonderful organization and that it is the living place of THE BRAIN.

THE BRAIN, in fact, is the real marvel of life, and, although we admire the body and should all cultivate muscular development, let us remember that the brain is "more fearfully and wonderfully made."

We are astonished at the athletic accomplishments of men, women, girls and boys; horse-back riding, swimming races, pole vaulting, broad jumping, aviation and diving below the surface of the sea in submarines; but we must remember that men and women perform still greater wonders through the use of their BRAINS.

What a marvel is this Brain! By the use of this extraordinary part of the human body, men and women have been able to measure the distance to the sun, the weight of the moon and the far distant stars; they have penetrated into the marvelous construction of the molecule and the atom, have explored the mysteries of electricity, and have

been able to harness this extraordinary force to do the work of the world. Man has subjugated the lightning.

All of the foregoing proves that not only must we exercise the BODY but we must also exercise the BRAIN!

It is incumbent upon us to exercise that part of us in which the spirit and the soul reside. We must improve it—we must feed it with good thoughts and noble resolves. *It is most important that we keep it healthy!*

The body should not be neglected. It must be kept clean, well fed and strengthened by exercise and hardened by contests, because a healthy mind requires a healthy body in which to dwell and to do good work. But remember, above all, to keep your *"heads up!"*

KEEP A-GOIN'

By Frank L. Stanton

Ef you strike a thorn or rose,
Keep a-goin',
Ef it hails, or ef it snows,
Keep a-goin',
'Taint no use to sit an' whine,
When the fish ain't on yer line,
Bait yer hook an' keep a-tryin'—
Keep a-goin'.

When the weather kills yer crop,
Keep a-goin',
When you tumble from the top,
Keep a-goin'!
S'pose you're out of every dime,
Bein' so ain't any crime,
Tell the world you're feelin' fine—
Keep a-goin'.

When it looks like all is up,
Keep a-goin',
Drain the sweetness from the cup,
Keep a-goin'!
See the wild birds on the wing,
Hear the bells that sweetly ring,
When you feel like sighin'—sing—
But—keep a-goin'.

INDEX

Acosta, Bert, 75
Adams, Charles Francis, 13-40
Alexander, Grover Cleveland, 142, 149, 150, 153, 172
America, the, airplane, 73-80; yacht, 15-24, 39-40
Ashbury, James, 25
Aviation, 9-10, 41-89, 115-137

Baker, "Hobey", 206-207
Balchen, Bernt, 75, 82-83
Baseball, 5-6, 139-171, 305-307
Bennett, Floyd, 67, 70-73, 84
Borotra, Jean, 173-176, 189-192
Boucher, "Frankie", 209
Boxing, 10, 205-263
Broughton, "Jim", 247-248, 322
Brugnon, Jacques, 173-176, 193-195
Burgess, Edward, 29
Byrd, Richard Evelyn, 41-89

Camp, Walter, 293, 294-295
Chesboro, "Jack", 153, 172
Clapper, "Dit", 209
Cobb, "Ty", 145
Cochet, Henri, 173-176, 185-188
Cochran, Gifford, 215-217
Collett, Glenna, 91-113
Cook, "Bill", 209

Dempsey, Jack, 253, 256-257, 258
Doubleday, General Abner, 5

Earhart, Amelia, 115-137

Fisher, Thomas J., 206-207
Football, 7, 52-53, 208-209, 281, 283, 287-310
Friendship, the, 117-129

Gainor, Norman, 209
Gavin, Mrs. W. A., 95, 97
Golf, 91-113
Goodman, Joe, 224, 225
Gordon, Louis E. ("Slim"), 118, 128-129, 130
Gotch, Frank Albert, 277-278, 323
Guest, Mrs. Frederick, 119, 131

Hackenschmidt, Georges, 280
Harris, "Bucky", 159-161, 166, 168
Herreshoff, "Nat", 33-34
Hildreth, Trainer, 230, 232
Hockey, 197-211
Horse-racing, 6, 213-243

Johnson, Walter Perry, 139-171
June, Harold, 82

Larned, William A., 200, 206
Lewis, "Strangler", 280, 284
Lindbergh, Charles A., 74-75, 86
Lipton, Sir Thomas, 33, 36

McKinley, Captain Ashley, 82, 84
Mack, "Connie", 145
Man o'War, 227-230
Matthewson, "Christy", 142, 149, 150-151, 165, 171
Muldoon, William, 274-276

New York Yacht Club, 8
Noville, Lieutenant, 74

Olympic games, 9, 297-298, 308
Owen, Jr., George, 208-211

Reed, Commander, 59
Rickard, "Tex", 201, 250
Ross, J. K. L., 227-228
Rowing, 8
Rusie, Amos, 150, 151-152
Ruth, "Babe", 145

Sande, Earle, 213-243
Sande, Marion Casey, 230, 238-239
Schmeling, Max, 259
Sharkey, Jack, 245-263
Smith, Earl, 164-165
Sonnenberg, Gus, 281-286
Stanton, Frank L., 326
Stecher, Joe, 279, 280
Steers, George, 18
Stevens, John C., 8-9, 16-17, 19, 23
Stirling, Mrs. Alexa Fraser, 95, 99, 101, 108
Stultz, Wilmer, 118-128, 130
Sullivan, John L., 249, 322

Tennis, 7, 173-195
Thorpe, James, 287-310
Tilden 2nd, William T., 177, 178, 179-180, 185, 191-192
Travers, William R., 6
Trent, Major, 229-230
Tunney, Gene, 256, 258

United States Lawn Tennis Association, 7

Von Gerbig, Howell, 207

Waddell, "Rube", 150, 152-153
Warner, Glen ("Pop"), 289-290
Weiland, "Cooney", 209
Widener, Joseph E., 240-241
Wrenn, R. D. ("Bob"), 210
Wrestling, 265-286

Yachting, 8, 15-40
Young, "Cy", 150, 171

Zbyszko, Vladek and Stanislaus, 279-280

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